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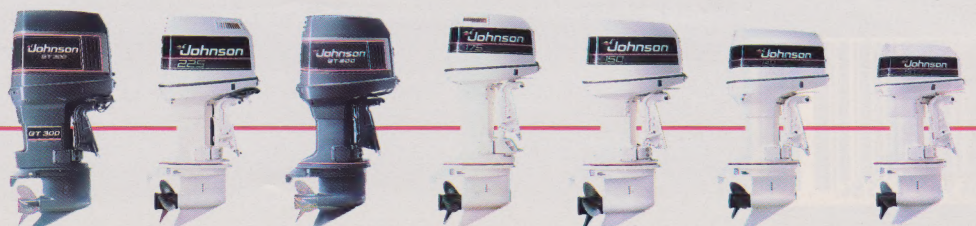
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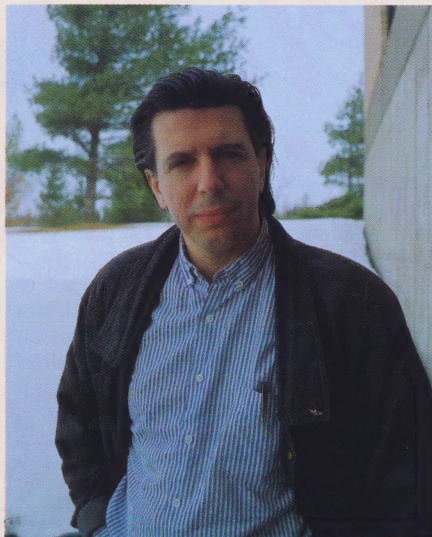
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MAY 1989

VOL. 11 No. 5



COVER STORY

Herménégilde Chiasson moves from one creative endeavour to another but he never loses sight of his cause: affirming the rights and the identity of the Acadian people.

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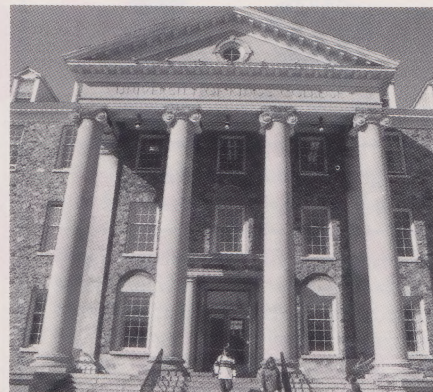
COVER PHOTO BY WAYNE CHASE



SUMMER OUTDOORS

There's no shortage of activities around Atlantic Canada this summer and there should be something for everyone — ranging from a baroque music festival to a tour of national parks to a look at estate auctions.

PAGE 19



MILESTONES

The University of King's College celebrates its 200th anniversary this year with a year-long look back and with optimistic plans for the future.

PAGE 34



FOOD

Fresh locally-grown ingredients make North Sydney's Gowrie House one of Nova Scotia's elegant eateries. Cold strawberry soup and poached Cape Breton farm salmon are our spring specialties.

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DEPARTMENTS

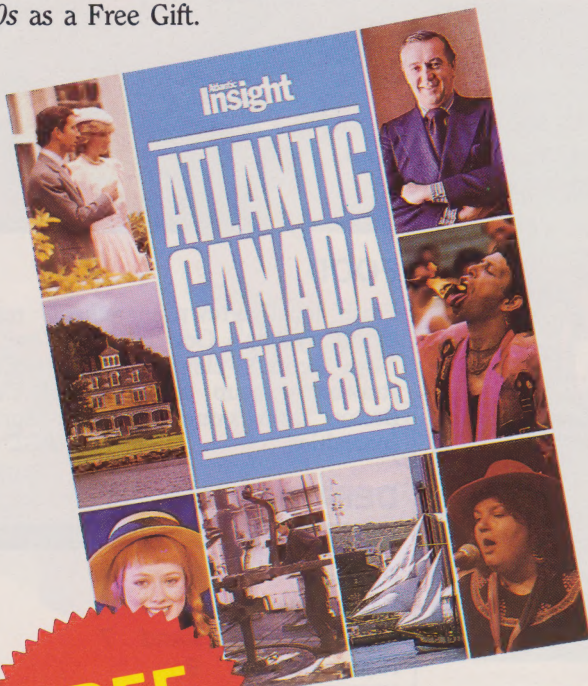
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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Let's use our history

You've got a lot of history down there, don't you?" It was a friendly comment from a taxi driver in Vernon, B.C. He had been telling us about the B.C. interior with all the enthusiasm of someone who'd decided a decade ago to pick up stakes, leave Ontario and resettle in a new part of the country. He was a local history buff, he told us, and proceeded to prove it by filling us in on the story behind a couple of landmarks we passed.

Asking us where we were from, he was surprised to find a couple of people from the Maritimes in Vernon in the middle of winter. Then he made his observation about us and our history.

Listening to what other people say about your community or region is one of the fundamental rules in building up lasting and healthy tourism. You can decide to develop your strengths, try to compensate for weaknesses, or create new perceptions.

Many times I've heard other people comment on how much history we have in the Maritimes and Newfoundland. This time it hit home. When you think about it, our history and our heritage are aspects of this region which are distinctive, both to Canadians and Americans. They are aspects of the region which people here are very conscious of, proud of, concerned about. Yet it's not been considered nearly so much an asset to our region as other things, like our ocean beaches and our scenery.

Of course there are examples of tourist promotion that are very much history and heritage related. Not only are there the big attractions among national historic parks — Grand Pré, the Halifax Citadel and Louisbourg — but there are the many successful festivals and celebrations that have a historical and heritage basis. Think of the region's folk festivals; the Gathering of the Clans in Nova Scotia; even all the Anne of Green Gables activities in P.E.I. which are based on our literary and cultural heritage.

One of this year's heritage-related events is being organized in P.E.I. around the 125th anniversary of the Charlotte-

town conference which was the basis of confederation. Organizers have been seeking out the direct descendants of the Fathers of Confederation, inviting them to the Island to participate as honoured guests in special activities. This is a particularly imaginative example of building on our historical roots because it reaches out to Canadians across the country who have a historical connection to the region — a connection that, until this year, they may have been only dimly aware of.

This is the plus side of the story. The minus side is that, overall, we are still focussing on our sun, our beaches, our oceanfront. And we're doing so in a world where travellers are able to choose between a whole host of destinations which can offer these attractions, year round. And the sophistication of the vacationer is rapidly increasing, so the same things that brought them to our communities in the past may not be attractive any more.

We may have a lot of history, but many of the groups and institutions who preserve and make known that history have virtually no capacity to tell the world about themselves, and no one is doing it for them. Yet the impression you get is that many people are coming here in part because they are interested in our history; perhaps many more would, if the idea were promoted and encouraged.

We all know that our history is what makes us unique. Our heritage is one of the things we're rightly most proud of. As we get ready to welcome the millions of visitors who come here every summer, the question is: shouldn't we be doing a lot more to build on this unique aspect of Atlantic Canada? For many Canadians, it is the specifics of our history which makes us different from other parts of the country — and other parts of the world. For many Americans, this region represents the historical road down which the U.S. chose not to travel.

We do have lots of history, as the man said. Shouldn't we be making a lot more of it?

— James Lorimer

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FEEDBACK

Canning article raises objections

Upon reading your article *The Canning fire: three years later still affects town* (March'89), I was dismayed and very angry. Dismayed at the negative perspective taken, angry at some glaring and unfortunate inaccuracies stated in the article. I am writing as a resident of the Canning area, then and now, and as a person having first hand knowledge of the clean-up activities. The following is a list of points that I believe to be errors in Ms. Morse's article.

Statement made, quoting Robin Feldman: "People on pensions were told to go home and steam clean everything but they didn't get any assistance. Maple Leaf got the clean-up paid for by the government."

The government, federal or provincial, did not directly finance the clean-up. They did provide scientific support, advice, testing and leadership with as much expertise as they had available at the time. The clean-up operation was funded basically by three groups. . .

Statement made concerning Mrs. Harnish's lawn: The department of the environment removed the top six inches of contaminated soil in her yard but . . .

It was not done by the department of the environment, it was done by Maple Leaf Farm Supplies Ltd. at Maple Leaf's

expense. It was done because the people involved with Maple Leaf felt it was the right thing to do in that situation, no one told them or badgered them into doing it . . .

Statement made: Temik was one of the pesticides which caused the most concern after the Canning fire. One hundred and eighty kilograms of the pesticide, used primarily in potato growing were unaccounted for during the clean-up.

All, i.e., 100 per cent of the Temik was recovered. The manufacturers of Temik sent a special recovery team from Kentucky to participate in the clean-up operation. The team were experts in this field, who knew exactly what to do. They had recovered it all in three days and transported it back to the U.S. at a cost of \$50,000 to \$60,000. . .

I am concerned that the only people quoted in this article are no longer residents of Canning, do not seem to have anything positive to say about the fire and how it was dealt with and in fact, it reflects basically only three people's point of view...

It has been my experience that most of the people of Canning view the fire as an unfortunate occurrence. However, they have not let the occurrence rule the rest of their lives. Once the danger of fumes was over, the clean-up completed, they got on with their lives.


The Canning fire is not a cloud hanging over the heads of Canning residents. There is a spirit of optimism in town that has not been evident for years. Merchants are expanding their businesses, new businesses are opening, a merchants' association has been formed and a children's centre is being developed.

William A. Lyons
Canning, N.S.

Editor's note: Mr. Lyons did not identify himself in his letter as the manager of Maple Leaf Farm Supplies Ltd.

Maple Leaf was required by the department of the environment to contribute \$200,000 toward the total cost of the clean-up.

Ms. Morse stands by her statement about the recovery of the Temik. Environmental experts in the cleaning up of chemicals point out that it is virtually impossible to recover 100 per cent of a spilled chemical. Reports from the time of the fire show that the team of experts involved in the clean-up also acknowledged that 180 kilograms of the chemical were unaccounted for.

Finally, Ms. Morse stands by her article's implication that the people of Canning were divided by the fire and its aftermath. 

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Coverage of welfare system overpayments overdone

Cries of welfare fraud in Prince Edward Island were exaggerated but have helped to bring an old problem to the surface again

When the Prince Edward Island auditor general's report came out in February with a statement that \$879,000 in overpayments had been made to welfare recipients, the cry "welfare fraud" went out from Island media. Auditor general Wayne Murphy doesn't deny that fraud exists but declares that his figures, upon careful interpretation, deserve a much less dramatic reaction.

Shortly after his report was released, Murphy appeared before a select standing committee of legislature insisting that "the record be set straight" about the situation involving welfare overpayments. Murphy told committee members that his report "did not deal with welfare fraud nor did it mention any client abuse of the welfare system. Our focus is on the administration of the program."

While preventing overpayments is the obvious best way of controlling them, Murphy says his main concern is that nothing positive has been done to correct the problem.

There are about 4,500 welfare cases on the Island. The estimated budget for welfare payments is \$26 million. Last year 11 cases were reported as suspected fraud to the justice department. Ten of these cases were turned over to the RCMP but there were no convictions.

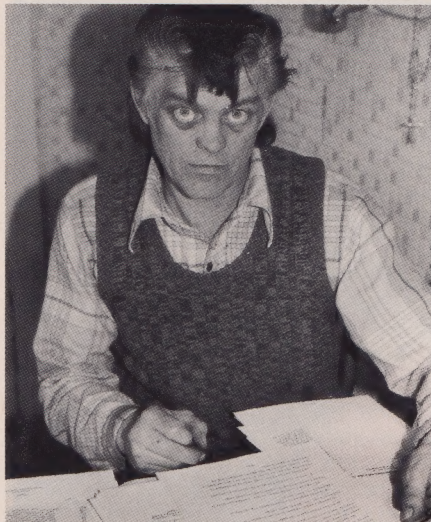
One particular aspect of the system that needs review, according to Murphy, is the signing authority policy. Before workers are granted signing authority they must prove they can apply the financial assistance regulations. Differences exist between regions in the criteria used for assessing whether a caseworker is ready to be granted signing authority.

Overpayments can occur for a number of reasons. Murphy says that a certain amount of money could be taken from a client's cheque if, for instance, he had income from another source or if an emergency requiring extra funds at a particular time arose. "The individual's circumstances vary."

Murphy says it's unfortunate that "too much focus was put on fraud and the message got distorted," because the recipients' feelings have to be considered.

The stigma associated with welfare has also caused concern for Alert, a small group of Islanders who lobby government on behalf of welfare recipients. Brian

by Heather Moore



Curley: recipients don't know the rules

Curley, a member of that group, accuses the system of not meeting the basic needs of the people. He says the group was formed in 1984 to try to get better regulations for people on welfare but it hasn't been able to get much satisfaction. One thorn in the group's side is the lack of published results from an inquiry into welfare assistance that was conducted in 1987. "There should be a set criteria; so much shouldn't be left to interpretation," says Curley.

Alert members resent government's delay in adjusting the clothing allowance issued to welfare recipients. These figures have increased by just \$1 per year since 1986, bringing the total to \$19 per adult with children receiving from \$19 to \$22 depending on their age. According to Curley, recipients don't know the system's rules and unless they're kept informed by their caseworkers, they're left in the dark. "Department policy is kept secret. The system should be explained better and the Social Services policy manual should be made available as a public document," he says.

Expenses associated with the well being of welfare recipients are also included in Alert's list of grievances. At the present time Social Services pays adult recipients for emergency dental extractions only. Curley argues that "den-



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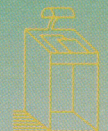
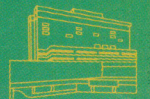
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tists have a policy of saving teeth and many refuse to extract teeth when they can be restored." Requests to have changes made have created one stumbling block after another and, he says, "the system is studied to death and nothing has been done."

In January this year, Alert presented a brief to the Conservative caucus. It stated: "It is impossible to describe in words alone the devastating impact of abysmally low rates of social assistance. No written account can even come close to portraying the damage to physical health and the scars to psychological well-being that can come from living at the standards below those deemed absolutely minimal for basic subsistence. Welfare allowances should at least be equal to the poverty line."

*"The system is studied
to death and nothing
has been done"*

The recent media attack on fraud within the system has discouraged Alert members. "You can't live on welfare, just exist," says Curley. "It's not one of the easiest things for government to get money for welfare and it's not well thought of by the public."

Murphy says that \$203,000 in overpayments were paid out last year but funds were recovered so that the actual balance remaining in overpayments for 1988 is \$68,000. He estimates overpayments have averaged \$200,000 a year since records were started being kept in 1980-81.

An overpayment committee exists which reviews all cases of financial overpayments where regional management suspects fraud and all overpayments exceeding \$1,000. Minutes of the meetings are not kept and as a result there is no apparent documentation on why further action is not taken on some cases.

Murphy's report states that these observations and others illustrate the need for prompt improvements in the management of financial overpayments. "We have been informed that the department's internal auditor is currently working on a project dealing with this issue," he says. "In fairness to the department, it (welfare) is a large program. But we don't just do these reports and forget about them. I think something will be done about this one. If it's not, we'll be back again next year."

Shaking the very basis of Newfoundland's society

A public inquiry into the cases of sexual abuse involving Catholic priests and young children will likely cast a wider net

by Mark King

Although Newfoundlanders continue to be revolted and shocked by sometimes daily revelations of sexual abuse against children by Roman Catholic clergy, the Province and the Church appear finally ready to come to terms with what has been described as an epidemic.

Two priests were sentenced to five years each in prison last fall after pleading guilty to multiple charges of sexual assault. Similar charges are outstanding against four other priests and former priests.

The provincial government, with the support of opposition parties, has announced a judicial inquiry into the entire issue of child sexual abuse — secular and clerical — to be headed by a senior judge from outside Newfoundland. The Catholic Church has also formed an internal commission to determine why six priests and former priests have been charged with sexual assault offences against young boys over the last two years.

The Catholic Church, under fire from parishioners and other critics for its months of silence on the matter, hopes to discover why multiple sexual assaults against young boys by Catholic priests went undetected for 17 years. The commission, to be made up of church members and professionals, will also be charged with determining whether there is something about the "priestly lifestyle" that has led to what Church spokespeople admit is "more than our share" of such incidents.

While the Church supports the public inquiry into child sexual abuse, it expects to get a better understanding of the problem from its own study which will have access to internal church documents not available to the public.

There is, however, speculation that the Church may be running damage control too late in the game. At parish meetings in March, parishioners uncharacteristically vented anger at the Church and made recommendations that it do more to help sexual abuse victims and their families.

Archbishop Alphonsus Penney, primate of the Roman Catholic Church in Newfoundland, has himself been accused of compounding the problem. It was not until after last fall's conviction of 55-year-

old Father Jim Hickey, a high-profile and popular priest in the Avalon area, on more than a dozen charges of sexual assault, that the Archbishop met the media and denied any knowledge of Hickey's 17-year history of sexual misconduct.

And in January, a lawyer for the Catholic Church sent letters to corporate sponsors of the Rising Tide Theatre suggesting they reconsider their funding for the troupe after Rising Tide's satirical *Revue '88* lampooned a confession between a sexually errant priest and a bishop. The arts community replied quickly and vehemently that the Church was undertaking its own indirect form of censorship. And though questioning the taste of the Rising Tide skit, most commentators and editorial writers reviled the Church for its heavy-handed

*There has been
incredible pressure
on many people in
isolated settlements
not to speak out*

approach.

It is also not considered coincidence that, a few weeks after the Rising Tide skirmish, the Church named Father Kevin Molloy, a parish priest and former high school principal, to be the sole spokesperson for abuse by clergy. He moved quickly to put the best face on the Church's position and immediately said the Church would support and co-operate with any public inquiry.

"The truth is that there is a problem," says Molloy. "We can't sweep it under a rug. It has to be brought forward both internally and on a province-wide basis."

But even as Molloy was tempering Church response to the issue, more allegations came to light. In March, CBC-TV broadcast an interview with a young

man who gave a graphic account of a homosexual rape by a man he said was a priest.

At the same time, allegations arose that a police investigation of physical and sexual abuse by Christian Brothers at the Mount Cashel orphanage in St. John's in 1975 had been covered up. The department of justice subsequently reopened the investigation.

Weeks later, in two successive editions in late March, the *Sunday Express* published first-hand accounts of life at Mount Cashel from the point of view of one of the young residents of the orphanage, who detailed what he said were physical beatings and sexual abuse at the hands of Christian Brothers.

The review of that investigation and the first-hand accounts of life at Mount Cashel only served to confirm what many have long-suspected — that the problem is widespread and much deeper than originally believed. Indeed public gossip in the province is rife with name dropping of which priest or former priest will be charged next.

Although Catholic priests and clergy of other faiths have received the most publicity for sexual offences because of the "breach of trust", they represent only the tip of the iceberg. Royal Newfoundland Constabulary reports indicate that 90 people were sent to prison in 1987 for sexual offences, compared with seven in 1983. The number of reported sexual offences has risen from none in 1981 to more than 500 in 1987.

Clergy may dominate the front pages and newscasts, but newspapers daily recount charges, trials and convictions on charges of sexual offences involving minors and incest against individuals from all walks of life. Police attribute the rise in convictions to increased awareness among young people of the nature of sexual crimes and what actually constitutes a sexual offence.

At least one expert in the field of family mediation feels that the sexual abuse of children may be so sensitive a subject in Newfoundland that many are just too afraid to speak out. "There is an incredible pressure on many citizens of scattered and isolated settlements not to speak out," says Michael Rubenstein of Toronto, who visited the province in 1988 and spoke with victims and their families.

If, as many suspect, that is the case, a public inquiry may never unravel the whole story. On the other hand, if the trend to more reporting of such incidents bears out, Newfoundland may be about to confront a moral turmoil that may shake the foundations of the very institutions that have kept Newfoundland one of the most safe and closely knit societies in North America — the Church and the family.

Sludge dump angers CRAP

Fredericton's "Clean City Award" irks the residents of Estey's Bridge who have to put up with the capital's sewage sludge

by Carol McLeod

For years, the residents of Estey's Bridge, N.B., a small community 12 miles north of Fredericton, thought the trucks that rumbled by their houses every day were carrying domestic garbage to the nearby public landfill. "But when the dump closed about two years ago and the trucks kept rolling, we found out they were hauling sewage sludge to trenches dug near the old landfill," says Kathy Saunders, secretary of Concerned Residents Against Pollution (CRAP), a committee set up to force the closure of the sludge disposal site.

She and the other members of CRAP are furious that for almost a decade now the Fredericton Area Pollution Control Commission has been dumping an estimated 45 tons of sludge a day from its sewage treatment plant in an environmentally sensitive site near their homes without any warning to residents.

like cow manure. Well, whatever treatment it receives, you can still see tampons and condoms and the occasional toothpaste tube in it and that makes us wonder what chemicals and contaminants are there that we can't see."

Also of concern to residents of Estey's Bridge is the smell generated by the sludge. "They tell us the odour is minimal," says Saunders. "Well, I visited the site with a CBC crew on a bitterly cold January day when you'd think the smell wouldn't be too bad. But it was unbearable. The cameraman was gagging. He had to get downwind of the sludge in order to film the trenches."

Last winter, angry residents blocked the road to the dump. That move prompted Vaughn Blaney, municipal affairs and environment minister, to commission an independent study of the disposal site and to promise to end the dumping if it was found to be environ-

count, an indication of fecal contamination. "The sample had a coliform count of 146,000 and to be drinkable it should have been less than 10," says Saunders.

The consultant's report also criticized disposal methods at the site, where sludge is dropped into unlined bedrock trenches approximately 110 metres long, three metres wide and four to five metres deep. "Based on site conditions," it said, "...leachate from the disposal trenches will migrate uninhibited into the bedrock and ultimately to the groundwater table."

Despite the findings of the report, members of the Fredericton Area Pollution Control Commission have said they do not believe that dumping sludge has harmed the local environment. The provincial government seems to agree. Blaney announced recently that his department had completed its own study of the site, which is leased to the Fredericton area Pollution Control Commission by the provincial government, and had concluded that all regulations are being followed.

"There was only one problem," says Saunders. "The man who was monitoring the site for the government told Blaney that the trenches were being covered with fill weekly. We knew that just wasn't true. At a meeting, the fellow who had done the monitoring hauled out coloured pictures of what he said were trenches covered with fill. But the pictures were just of sludge with no covering at all. He didn't even know what sludge looks like. He thought the sludge was fill."

Although Blaney was embarrassed by the gaffe, he announced that the dumping would continue. A few months before making that decision, however, the minister told Estey's Bridge residents that the sludge was Fredericton's problem and that it should be dumped in the city's new landfill site located within the city limits.

"That, at least, made sense," says Saunders. "Ground at the Fredericton landfill is mostly clay and will hold sludge like a plastic bag, while the existing disposal site consists of rock and sandstone and is very porous, allowing moisture from the sludge to drain into groundwater."

"Unfortunately for us, Fredericton officials balked at the idea of having the sludge deposited inside the city limits. That's why, for a time, the provincial government tried to satisfy both CRAP and the city by talking about slyly depositing the sludge somewhere else. They had the site all picked out, but CRAP didn't want to see somebody else get dumped on."

Last September, Fredericton was awarded the Clean City Award by CTV's *Live It Up*. "That really hit hard in Estey's Bridge," says Saunders. "It's easy to have a clean city when you dump your filth outside city limits and leave it for someone else to worry about."



Visible contaminants include tampons and condoms and the occasional toothpaste tube

Since 1987, CRAP has been embroiled in an often bitter dispute with the provincial government over shutting down the disposal site. Members of the organization say that contaminants from the sludge are seeping into groundwater, posing a threat to the health of 21 families living near the dump. They argue that polluted streams in the vicinity are evidence the sludge is already causing problems and point out that two years ago the provincial health department warned residents against drinking surface water from the area surrounding the disposal site.

"Yet at one point," says Saunders, "officials we met with told us the sludge was safe enough to spread on your lawn

mentally unsafe.

WMS Associates Ltd., a Fredericton environmental consulting firm, was hired to test water from area streams, from 35 domestic wells, and from five monitoring wells near the dump. Results showed "detectable" levels of nitrate-nitrite (a component of human feces) in six domestic wells and "elevated" levels of ammonia-nitrogen (a potential contaminant) in groundwater samples taken from one of the monitoring wells.

According to the report, levels "could have arisen as a result of contamination from the sludge disposal site."

In a more recent test, one of the monitoring wells showed a high coliform

Political meddling in Power

The Power Corporation and its president come under fire in public hearings for being in collusion with the government

by Richard Starr

Ever since it was established in 1919 by a Liberal government intent on getting the cheapest possible power rates for the province, the Nova Scotia Power Corporation has had to put up with a certain amount of political meddling in its affairs.

Until the mid-1970s, the premier or a senior cabinet minister served as chair of the utility and rates were approved by cabinet. Only when a series of huge rate increases made the job too hot to handle was the task of heading up the corporation handed to a cabinet appointee and rate regulation assigned to the Public Utilities Board. But while the changes of the mid-70s removed overt political control, many Nova Scotians have recently been getting the impression that a less visible political hand still guides the operations of the Power Corporation.

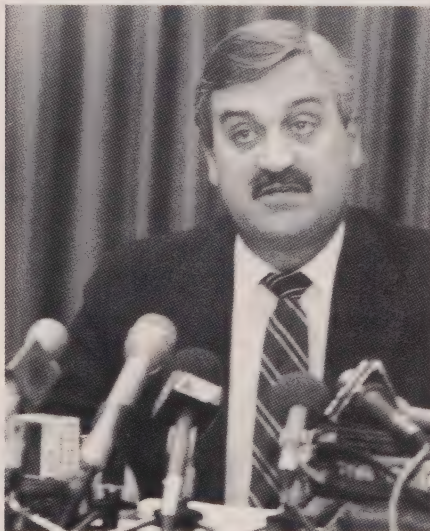
Much of the recent criticism has centred around charges that the Power Corporation delayed needed rate increases for political reasons. Nova Scotia electrical rates — the second highest in the country after Prince Edward Island — have long been a potent political issue. The conventional wisdom holds that Premier John Buchanan owes his 1978 election victory over Liberal Gerald Regan to the latter's inability to control power rates in the face of the sharply higher oil prices of the mid-70s. Buchanan has made stable power rates a political priority and, until 1986, the government handed over millions of dollars in subsidies every year to keep rates from rising.

Critics see shades of Buchanan's preoccupation with rates in the way in which the Power Corporation waited until last fall's provincial election was safely out of the way before announcing an increase — the first in nearly six years. The delay was despite the fact that the utility's president, Louis R. Comeau, had said two years earlier that higher rates would be needed by 1987.

The results of the delay became apparent when the corporation opened its books to the Public Utilities Board earlier this year. Since 1987 the company had lost \$58 million, in the process wiping out its rate stabilization reserves and reducing equity in the company to less than one per cent of debt. That made the Power Corporation a virtual pauper among government-owned power utilities in Canada, where on average the ratio of debt to equity is around 82:18.

The Liberal opposition, whose members believe that artful handling of power rate increases has helped keep the Tories in office, have called for a full review of the Power Corporation's finances. Their critic, MLA Bill Gillis, makes no secret of the fact that the target of any investigation would be Comeau, a former Conservative member of parliament whom Buchanan appointed president and chief executive officer in 1983. Gillis accuses Comeau of running the Power Corporation "in collusion with his friend the Tory premier."

The Liberals are not alone in expressing dismay at all of the red ink in the Power Corporation books. Financial experts hired by the Utilities Board say the shaky financial state is at least partly responsible for Nova Scotia's low standing with New York bond rating agencies.



Comeau: under fire for Tory connections

One consultant said that artificially low power rates may be costing taxpayers \$13.8 million a year in extra interest payments on the provincial debt, a claim disputed by an expert retained by the Power Corporation. Others, including NDP leader Alexa McDonough, say the rate freeze will eventually backfire on consumers. That's because the rates have encouraged consumption which will force earlier construction of new generating capacity and higher rates to pay for it.

In direct testimony to the PUB, Comeau denied that the decision to wait so long before going after higher rates was made under government pressure. But critics, like Mount St. Vincent University economist Ram Seth, say it is time that

the sole discretion on when to apply for higher rates is taken away from the Power Corporation. Dr. Seth, who has studied power utilities in Britain and throughout North America, says the Public Utilities Board should be able to summon the Power Corporation to a hearing, whether or not it is seeking a rate increase. "One way of reducing political interference is to make sure the utility goes to the Public Utilities Board more often and explains its affairs and when the costs have gone up or down or whether they are charging the right price," he says.

The timing of rate increases is not the only instance in which the Power Corporation has been accused of responding to political whim. The location and timing of its two newest coal-burning generating plants has also stirred controversy.

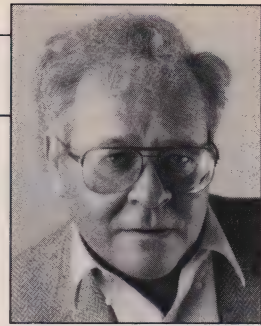
The first, now being built in Trenton, Pictou County, has been criticized on Cape Breton where most of the Power Corporation's coal fired plants are located. Not only did the island lose construction jobs, the Cape Breton Development Corporation (Devco) lost potential markets for its coal. That's because instead of buying coal from Devco, the new Trenton plant will buy from a new mine being developed with more than \$100 million in federal provincial grants, loans and interest rate write-downs.

Comeau acknowledged to the Utilities Board that he was aware of the provincial government's concern about high unemployment in Pictou County. But he insisted that the decision to put a new plant in Trenton was based on economics and the availability in Pictou of low sulphur coal that produces lower levels of acid rain emissions than that mined in Cape Breton. The Power Corporation also denies that the pre-election announcement of its second new plant — now scheduled to go into service near North Sydney in 1993 — was designed to get the government off the hook with Cape Breton coal miners angry at the loss of jobs to Pictou County.

As far as the Liberal opposition is concerned, political controversy will continue to dog the affairs of the Power Corporation — at least so long as Louis Comeau is in charge. "The first thing to do is to replace Mr. Comeau," says Bill Gillis. "If (Liberal leader) Vince MacLean forms a government there will be a professional as president and chief executive officer."

For his part, Seth is less concerned about politics influencing decisions at the Power Corporation than he is about the way it is done. "Political interference is all right provided it is done in a formal way," he says. When the government uses the Power Corporation to achieve political or social ends, somebody has to pay. "Let's just make sure the government foots the bill, not power consumers." ☒

COURTESY OF THE DAILY NEWS



Detecting TV's sleight of hand

The actor who plays that lying, leering, two-timing egomaniac J.R. Ewing on *Dallas* insists not only that many Americans believe J.R. is a real man but also that they actually admire him. It doesn't matter that for 11 years J.R. has been the top skunk at Southfork. It doesn't matter that his treatment of his wife, brother, step-brother, in-laws, business rivals and various flunkies, wimps, weaklings, harlots and hustlers has made him television's supreme rotter.

For viewers who don't take *Dallas* seriously, he is so wicked he's hilarious, and nothing on the show is better than actor Larry Hagman as he wallows in J.R.'s depravity. But some folks do take *Dallas* seriously, and heaven knows how many think that J.R. Ewing, far from being a slimeball, is a pretty swell fellow.

Hagman says, "J.R. Ewing is the man America secretly emulates." (And here you thought Rambo was an inappropriate hero for a people whose government hoards the world's biggest arsenal of nuclear weapons.) Writing in *TV Guide*, Hagman claims businessmen see J.R. as a role model and, before you dismiss this theory as transparent hype for a tired show, imagine how smoothly J.R. would fit in among the sleazebags who recently disgraced Wall Street. I mean in real life, not in TV land.

Some can no longer distinguish between real life and boob-tube life. Hagman's most alarming remark about J.R. Ewing was that you'd be "amazed how many fans I meet who view him as a real human being." A friend tells me his elderly mother gossips about the soaps as though their characters were as real as her neighbours. Olivia of *General Hospital*, Shane of *Days Of Our Lives* and Felicia and Courtney of *Another World* have walked right into her head and so have other afternoon phantoms of the opera.

When her son visits her, she goes on like this: "It's sad to see April hitting the bottle again. She's such a nice girl at heart... something's wrong with Neil, I'm sure of it. He really hit the roof when Angelica bought all those baby clothes. You know, dear, I've never seen him so angry." My friend's mother lives alone. He doesn't know what to do about her.

A weird notion infects countless television addicts. They believe that what they see on television is more real than everything else they see. To get a ticket to a football game, a man pays enough

money to buy a week's groceries for his family and then he enters the stadium, finds his seat, sets a portable TV on his knees and watches not the game on the field but the game on the screen.

Some ballparks boast gigantic TV screens and fans in the stands often watch them instead of the field. "Apparently the screen has a sort of transcendent reality," Ira Glasser wrote in a recent issue of *Etc.: A Review of General Semantics*. "It's almost as if you don't know what really happened unless you've seen the replay; you've got to see the replay because you cannot trust your eyes... It is as if the television screen were more reliable, more true, more real than the field itself."

Since Glasser is executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, he's sometimes on television himself. After a

hamstrings them.

Every one of these ideas is a lie. The truth is that: 1. U.S. crime statistics have remained quite flat in recent years and indeed have decreased slightly, 2. American jails hold three times as many prisoners as they did a decade ago, and the U. S. boasts the longest prison sentences of any industrialized nation in the Western World, and 3. as most victims of thieves and muggers realize, the police often don't know who committed a crime and have no idea where to begin finding out.

If you believe they invariably know who's guilty, you may admire them for smashing down doors without a warrant. They're the good guys; the guys behind the doors are the bad guys. But as Glasser says, "If we knew who was guilty, we wouldn't need trials. And that's why we require search warrants — because often the police don't know who the criminals are, and would, if left to their own discretion, break down a lot of wrong doors... Search warrants impel the police to focus on people who are likely suspects by requiring some evidence prior to the search. And as most competent police officials know, search warrants do not hamper effective police work."

"But that's not the way it's shown on television."

The frightening thing is that television's relentless and mesmerizing distortions — not only in bash-down-the-door epics, but also in other fields, including the news — may influence how people vote, how they feel about social policies.

It's bad enough that political parties in both Canada and the United States now believe the most effective advertising is the dirtiest advertising: commercials that ridicule opponents for positions they've never held. It's even worse to contemplate a democracy in which voters are zombies who think Alexis Colby of *Dynasty* is a real woman, and J.R. Ewing is presidential timber.

Are we any smarter in Canada? Robert MacNeil, born in Canada and raised in Halifax, is co-host of U.S. television's acclaimed *MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour*, and he says Canadians are more individualistic than Americans "and more private and radio is a private medium." Still, American programs "dominate Canadian screens. Canadians watch American but listen Canadian." Listening Canadian is fine, but watching American may eat your brain. ☒

*Listening Canadian
is fine but
watching American
may eat your brain*

TV appearance, neighbours who see him every day in the flesh suddenly regard him with awe. They marvel, "I saw you on television." They never say, "Gee, I was riding in a cab the other day and I saw you in the street."

When Glasser talked to an acquaintance in an elevator, "Well that was just a neighbour talking. Even if a letter to the editor is published in the *New York Times*, it's just a neighbour talking. But now that I was on television my words have meaning and portent, like an oracle who must be respected."

Glasser blames the evil magic of television — the power to persuade people that shows like *Miami Vice* actually mirror reality — for the widespread American beliefs that: 1. crime is sky-rocketing all across the nation, 2. crooks get away with crimes because the courts are too lenient, and 3. police always know who the criminal is but the justice system



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A wandering Acadian looking for the truth

by Sue Calhoun

He was the man who brought New Brunswick through the tumultuous years of Equal Opportunity during the 1960s. He faced daily death threats and was under around-the-clock protection by the RCMP. But as the film begins, and a voice behind the camera asks people in the street who Louis Robichaud was, the answers are telling. I don't know, giggle several teenage girls. His name rings a bell, replies another. Wasn't he an MLA or something? Only the older people are able to recall. First he was a lawyer, then the premier, says an elderly woman. "He's a senator now, good job," says a man.

The fact that the man responsible for what was probably the most radical program of social reform ever implemented in Canada is not known to the younger generation is not surprising to Herménégilde Chiasson of the small community of Robichaud, near Moncton. He wrote, directed and narrated *Robichaud*, a one-hour National Film Board film, premiering in French in Moncton. (The English version is expected later this year.)

Chiasson, 43, has spent two decades fighting the invisibility of Acadian figures. He himself is barely known outside French New Brunswick, despite the fact that he has a Masters degree in Fine Arts from the State University of New York and a PhD from the Sorbonne; that he has published books of poetry, written a dozen plays and worked as a producer for Radio-Canada.

It is only now after making six films in fewer years, including two English language films, that Chiasson — a poet turned visual artist turned cinéaste — is being recognized as a major voice for contemporary Acadia. Two of his films have won awards at the Atlantic Film Festival in Halifax. An exhibit of four Acadian visual artists, including Chiasson, played recently at the Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton, the first major exhibit of Acadian art ever to be shown at the gallery. A reporter from *The Globe and Mail* called it an "eloquent homecoming for Acadian art." (The exhibit, called "Quoi Faire? Quoi Dire?" moves on to Quebec City this month and to Winnipeg in the fall.)

"Herménégilde is the most apt, the most competent, the most experienced filmmaker in Acadia," says NFB producer Michel Lemieux, who worked with Chiasson on *Robichaud*. "He also has a sense of history and a vision of contempo-

Herménégilde Chiasson has used many artistic media but the message remains: Acadians must speak with their own voices



It was as cinéaste that Chiasson was recognized as a major voice for contemporary Acadia

COURTESY OF GAMMA PRODUCTIONS

rary Acadia that goes beyond folklore.”

The reporter from *The Globe and Mail* wrote of the exhibit that the issue is not one of identity. As survivors of the 1755 deportation, Acadians know who they are. “Their (the artists’) concern is with finding ways of asserting and expressing the marginalized Acadian culture within the larger milieu of New Brunswick and Canada,” he wrote.

The latter is certainly true, but the former is not, at least not in the eyes of Herménégilde Chiasson. The struggle to define the Acadian identity today as something more than the folkloric image accepted outside the immediate environment has been a constant in his work. “When I first went to university, Antonine Maillet was the writer in Acadia. What

His first mentor was Claude Roussel, now an internationally-known sculptor who still teaches at the university. Roussel admits that it was hard-going in those days to interest students in modern art. “What were popular were copies,” he says.

Chiasson had already been writing poetry as a child. He saw himself becoming a doctor who would write on the side. But he failed high school chemistry and he couldn’t find Acadian writers whom he wanted to emulate. He saw Claude Roussel as opening doors to something new so he signed up for classes. “I remember the first year I studied with him,” Chiasson recalls. “I did 350 works of all kinds, prints, paintings. I counted them at one point because I thought it was an incredible

of Fine Arts program at nearby Mount Allison University in Sackville at the same time. But he maintained his contacts on campus, joining forces with so-called radicals like Michel Blanchard to write vitriolic articles for the student newspaper.

Most people remember those days of the late 1960s as a period of major confrontation between U de M student activists and such anglophones as then-mayor of Moncton Leonard Jones, focussing around the lack of bilingual services at City Hall and culminating in the depositing of a pig’s head on the mayor’s doorstep. Chiasson recalls the period more as a conflict among Acadians themselves.

“In 1968, it was the first time in Acadia that there was an open confrontation between the generations. We were confronting the Acadian elite as much as we were confronting anglophones. The idea of the generation before us was to say, ‘shut your mouth and try to manage.’ We were saying, ‘no, we’re not going to do that any more.’”

Chiasson once told an interviewer that everything that he has to say and everything that he has become dates from 1968. Those were his formative years, where he found his voice and his message. His medium, however, would constantly change. From painting, he went into poetry. *Mourir à Scoudouc* (Dying in Scoudouc) was one of the first books undertaken by the first publishing house in Acadia, Les Éditions d’Acadie, which was founded in 1973.

“It had an overtone of doom in it that pleased Quebec readers very much,” he says. “What has been going on about Acadia in Quebec is that Quebec people look at us and say, ‘my God, we have to move along, otherwise we’re going to become like them.’ It’s a perception which I have never shared and I say that in *Mourir à Scoudouc*. Living in Acadia is not like being lepers. We’re just living a different perception of being French in North America.”

For Chiasson, the 1960s were a “spiritual search” that by the mid-1970s was crossfading into a materialistic age. His degree from Mount Allison behind him, he went to work for Radio-Canada in 1972. In the summer of 1974, he travelled across the country and down through the United States, a self-admitted “wandering Acadian looking for the truth.” It was a theme that would be reflected in more than one of his later films. (Acadians, whose roots in the New World go back further than anyone else’s except native Indians, were nonetheless turned into wanderers after the deportation of 1755, he maintains.)

In 1974, he went to study in France. In 1977, he settled in Rochester, N.Y. where he took a Master of Fine Arts degree. During the decade, despite his distance, Chiasson continued to write about his country and his people. Back



Chiasson turned to art when he failed chemistry and couldn’t find writers to emulate

she was writing about to me was folklore and it didn’t interest me,” he says.

Chiasson is a pioneer, in a sense, when it comes to Acadian art and literature. Born in St. Simon on the Acadian Peninsula, he was part of the first generation to come out of the visual arts program at the Université de Moncton which was founded in 1963. There was no history of visual arts in Acadia. Neither was there much of a tradition of literature, aside from the oral genre of people like Acadian senator Pascal Poirier and Antonine Maillet who, in 1979, won the *Prix Goncourt*, France’s most coveted literary award.

output. I was just crazy. That was my sole obsession.” It was a prolificity that Chiasson has maintained throughout his career.

Roussel knew early that the young Chiasson had talent. “Most students’ exercises are a bit cold, a bit academic. I felt very quickly that Herménégilde could give more. His poetic impulses took over quite rapidly. He brought something special, almost like a professional artist right from the beginning.”

By the time Chiasson graduated in 1967, the U de M campus was alive with dissent. Chiasson went on to teach at a local high school and began a Bachelor

COVER STORY

in Moncton at the turn of the decade, he went back to Radio-Canada, where he began to develop the taste for filmmaking.

More than any other Acadian writer or artist, Chiasson has been a pluralist. A poet at heart, he has moved back and forth between visual arts and other disciplines. Between 1975 and 1987, he wrote a dozen plays, some which have been performed locally by New Brunswick theatre troupes, Théâtre de l'Escaouette and Théâtre Populaire d'Acadie. Another, *Atarelle et les Pakmaniens*, toured Canada and Europe and then was published as a book. It was also translated into English, although never performed. His theatre pieces have played at an international festival of children's theatre in Montreal and on Radio-Canada.

Some people have criticized Chiasson for not sticking to one thing. "At one time, he was one of the most promising painters in Acadia," says a colleague who didn't want his name used. "But when he should have pushed harder, he moved into something else. If he'd do a little less but do it more intensely, the results would be incredible. He has enormous talent." Others see his versatility as a plus. "He's so talented in so many areas," says Viola Leger of *La Sagouine* fame.

Chiasson admits to struggling with the fear of success. "When something seems to be going well," he says, "there's a switch in my head that says, you've got to get out of there and into something else." It's a problem common among minority groups, a kind of collective inferiority complex about becoming too good at something for fear of not measuring up in future.

In any event, it is since he started making films that Chiasson has developed a public persona. Part of it is the nature of the beast. When you make films, he says, you have to get up in public and present them. It was something that was difficult at first because he was very shy. He is less so today. The other thing that helped is that, in order to make films with the National Film Board, it's necessary to sell the idea to a committee dominated by Quebec artists. Canada's Office National du Film has always been directed from, and geared towards, Quebec. As much as Chiasson has battled against the folkloric image that Acadians have presented of themselves, he has fought against Acadia being presented through Quebec eyes.

"I remember the first time I went before the (NFB) committee for a film. People were talking about Acadia and folklore, and I could feel they were very aggressive that I was trying to break that image," Chiasson says. His first film was a short, made-for-television documentary on the poutine rapée, an Acadian delicacy made of potatoes and salt pork that tends to resemble a baseball-size ball of glue.

"It displeased everyone because people thought I was going to do something cute, folklore you know. Acadians with their cute accents dancing around the poutine. That wasn't my main goal."

His first not-for-television film was *Toutes les photos finissent par se ressembler* (All photos end up looking the same) which came out in 1985. The original idea was for a film on Acadian



Chiasson, the director, has battled against Acadia's stereotyped folkloric image

artists, poets like Gerald LeBlanc and Raymond LeBlanc, writers like Jacques Savoie. The idea didn't go over well with the committee. "They couldn't see the point. One of the guys told me, 'well, you're not known. Acadian writers are not known. If you would be talking about Quebec writers, that would be all right.'"

The idea wasn't accepted. But a small part of the proposed film had been Chiasson himself explaining to a fictional university-aged daughter what his art was all about. That was the idea that stuck and that was what the film became. Shot at Vito's Restaurant in Moncton, *Toutes les photos* is an intensely personal account of Chiasson's experience of being an Acadian in New Brunswick during the '60s and '70s. It's also a story about the Acadian collectivity seen through the eyes and works of its artists, writers and political agitators.

Chiasson wrote, narrated and directed the movie which won a prize of excellence at the Atlantic Film Festival in Halifax in 1986. He also starred in it. He calls it "the conversation I would have liked to have with my [real 18-year-old] daughter, but she never asked the question."

(Chiasson doesn't have the same problem today with the committee. "He was

an unknown back then," says NFB's Michel Lemieux. "When he went in for his latest film, people cheered him on.")

During the same period, Chiasson worked on a half-hour drama called *Cap Lumière* with Carota Films Limited of Shediac, a tender story of love between two women approaching old age. Starring Viola Leger, the film has aired several times on the Radio-Canada network.

"I see Herménégilde as an artist who has both his head in the sky and his feet on the ground, which is sometimes rare," says Leger. "He dreams like the rest of us, but is able to make a living from his art."

In 1987, Chiasson made a second film with Carota Films called *Madame LaTour*. She was an historic figure in early Acadia, the wife of the first governor. The hour-long film has aired regionally on Radio-Canada and negotiations are still underway to have it aired nationally. "Hermé is a very special person but I wouldn't call him a star," says Lawrence Carota, president of Carota Films. "He's a very good, very dynamic writer who's made a big commitment to stay here and bring his culture to the screen."

Chiasson also made a film with the NFB about Jack Kerouac, the franco-American writer during the 1950s who was also a notorious wanderer. The search for identity was more obvious with him, says Chiasson, "because he was from the United States. He was really outside Quebec. I hate that appellation, being outside Quebec. Why do we have to define ourselves as being outside something?" *Le Grand Jack* won a prize

COURTESY OF GAMMA PRODUCTIONS

of excellence at the Atlantic Film Festival in 1987.

"*Le Grand Jack* is a more international subject, but it has a special colour because it's done by an Acadian," says writer Jacques Savoie, whose book *Les Portes Tournantes* was the basis of a film which won a prize at the Cannes Film Festival in 1988. "Herménégilde is very well-educated and he has an interesting perspective on things outside Acadia as well." During 1988, Chiasson also worked on *The Bell Ringers*, an English language film made for CBC with Gamma Productions of Halifax.

The idea for the Robichaud film had been kicking around both English and French offices of the National Film Board for years. It was also something that Chiasson had been thinking about. In fact, there was a short vignette of Louis Robichaud in *Toutes les photos*. It was natural that it all came together and Chiasson was hired to do the film. Senator Robichaud admits that the idea for the film didn't displease him. "It's not that I need the publicity for re-election," he jokes, "but it might be good for posterity."

Preserving Acadian struggles for posterity is, in a sense, what Chiasson has been trying to do. "I see my films as testimonials. I'm trying to say, this is what I have lived, this is what my generation has lived. We have to define where we've come from if we want to know where we're going." The editing machine for the Robichaud film was barely cold before Chiasson was off on another project. Filming began in late February in Caraquet for the first of a series of four films, to be called *The Atlantic Chronicles*, co-produced by the NFB and Chiasson's recently-formed company Productions Phare-Est Ltée.

Taxi Cormier will be shot in a taxi which ferries Acadians daily from Caraquet to Montreal. The film is a new approach for Chiasson: totally unscripted, it will succeed or fail on the spontaneous exchange between Acadians as they head for Montreal and a new life. "The only other film where Acadians are seen talking together," he says, "is *L'Acadie l'Acadie*, and it was made by a Quebecois." Although not strictly accurate — Acadian women talk together in Claudette LaJoie-Chiasson's film on crab plant workers in northern N.B. — it is true to say that as a rule the average Acadian has not made it to the screen.

For the NFB's Michel Lemieux, the new approach is exciting. "Often in Acadia, we've made films that few people understand. *Taxi Cormier* will allow ordinary people to talk and to be understood."

The second film in *The Atlantic Chronicles* series will debunk the myth of Moncton as a city where Acadians live unhappily.

As his reputation as a filmmaker solidifies, Chiasson admits even today that he'd rather be painting. But he can't

make a living at it in New Brunswick and he can making films. While the question



An accident scene from *The Bell Ringers*

COURTESY OF GAMMA PRODUCTIONS

of making it at home versus going away plagues Maritime artists in general, the problem is magnified for Acadians because the community is so small. Chiasson has always been very critical of Acadian artists and writers who move to Montreal. Aside from the obvious artistic "brain drain," he sees it as the Acadian identity once again being articulated from Quebec.

"If you live in Montreal and you want to do an interview with an Acadian, you can just phone so-and-so, he lives on such-and-such a street. The guy will come into the studio, talk about Acadia, and cry about the sea, even though he has no way of knowing what's going on here."

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COVER STORY

It's as if Quebec's identity was being articulated from France," he says.

The debate is not new, but recent articles in the monthly Acadian magazine *Le Ven'd'est* caused a commotion in the community. A major article about Acadian artists who have moved to Montreal because of the challenge of working in a larger community or the presence of galleries was followed with an article by Chiasson denouncing such artists as traitors. How will the Acadian culture survive if its artists leave, he wrote.

Some people saw the article as being surprisingly bitter. "I see such bitterness as typical of a people without a country," says one of the Montreal expatriates who didn't want his name used. "When you don't have a country, everyone thinks his version of Acadia is the real one."

The article also criticized the provincial government which Chiasson says denies adequate support to Acadian artists yet will invest money in projects which reinforce the image of Acadia as folklore. The Cirtex plant in Caraquet closed several years ago and the government put money into the historic Acadian village. The Mitel plant in Buctouche never got off the ground, and now government is talking about setting up a *La Sagouine* village. "I'm not opposed to such projects," he wrote, "they bring in tourists but, when that's all there is, it's a little sad and a bit alarming."

In any event, Chiasson doesn't buy the argument that artists need to move to bigger centres to have their art known. "Alex Colville became one of the greatest painters in Canada living in a small Nova Scotian town," he says. "Herménégilde has always provoked us, although not in a stone-throwing way," says Viola Leger, "to make us think, to make us go further."

Michel Lemieux of the NFB admires Chiasson's outspokenness. "He dares to criticize, he dares to say what he thinks. There are a lot of people who could speak out but they chose to shut their mouths."

For the immediate future, Chiasson will continue to make films. At the same time, he dreams of going off for a few months to write books. Whatever he does, it is clear that his commitment to struggling to define contemporary Acadia and to letting Acadians speak for themselves will remain. His views on folklore, however, are beginning to mellow.

"I now see Antonine Maillet as a very important figure. I see that she did work that had to be done. We needed to pass through the oral legends and folklore or whatever before we could realize that now we have to speak. I don't disagree with folklore. I think it's very important, it's part of the cultural life of a community. But I don't think that is all there should be. I think it has to be put in perspective. How will Acadia survive if it keeps on being folkloric?" he asks softly. ☒



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SUMMER

Outdoors



COURTESY N.B. TOURISM

The seven national parks — a new world at our doorstep

With beaches for office-weary urbanites and trails to test the hardiest hiker, our parks offer a valuable vacation resource

by David Holt

It's a world of beaches and warm lagoons, jagged headlands cutting into bays plied by cruising pods of whales, deep forests sheltering deer, moose and bears, waterfalls so tall that descending plumes of water evaporate before they reach the land below and stark volcanic wastes. It's the world of Atlantic Canada's seven national parks, known across

Canada and in the far corners of the globe but perhaps appreciated most by a relatively small number of repeat visitors from within the region.

Dennis Gill has been a frequent visitor to Newfoundland's Terra Nova National Park for more than a decade. "You go at a hectic pace for most of the year," says the Green Bay teacher. "When summer rolls around, you're ready to relax for a

while. Every year we meet people returning from previous summers. There's never a dull moment."

Each year thousands of Quebecers, who formerly flocked to Old Orchard Beach and similar haunts along the Eastern Seaboard of the United States, throng to the beaches at Prince Edward Island National Park. At Green Gables House, Japanese tourists complete a pilgrimage to the home of one of their most cherished authors, Lucy Maud Montgomery. Meanwhile dedicated bird watchers from the central United States haunt the coast of Cape Breton Highlands National Park and take cruises offshore in search of puffins and other seabirds.

Yet it's a world about which many who live on its doorstep know little. And even those Atlantic Canadians who do

SUMMER OUTDOORS

vacation in the parks often miss a lot. "A common problem is that people don't bother to find out what a park has to offer until it's too late," says Phil Michael, chief interpreter at P.E.I. National Park. He recommends the visitor centre as the first stop for new arrivals where they can learn about the wide range of activities, pick up some of the three kinds of maps

preter. "I know. I've been in every trap on the course." Fundy also has tennis, lawn bowling and a restaurant.

Still, it's the natural features which give each park its unique character and often its name.

Fundy Park, cooled by the massive tides of the Bay of Fundy, draws both tide watchers and those escaping sweltering

mid-summer heat.

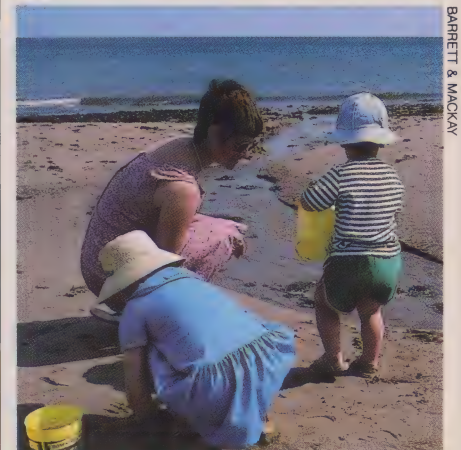
The forests of Kouchibouguac in New Brunswick and rivers and lakes of Kejimikujik in Nova Scotia are reminders of Indian cultures, so attuned to the landscape which thrived for millennia. A cliff hanging coastal highway, the Cabot Trail, encircles the tree-cloaked hills and valleys and the Everlasting Barren in the interior of Cape Breton Highlands National Park.

In P.E.I. National Park, world-famous beaches and shallows teem with birds and marine life, while lobster boats ply their trade in the blue-green water offshore.

The jagged cliffs, huge sand dunes, volcanic wasteland, highland tundra and



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The parks are ideal for family vacations

towering waterfalls of Newfoundland's Gros Morne National Park, named for a forbidding, mist-shrouded land mass, suggest a harsh but beautiful world remaining from primeval times. In the province's Terra Nova National Park, overlooking Bonavista Bay, native black bear and lynx share the forests with snowshoe hare and moose. In the bay humpback and pilot whales mingle with mackerel, herring and squid to tempt whale watchers and recreational fishermen.

In such settings, the most office-weary urbanite is soon revitalized. Visitors can take walks, many less than an hour long, dotted with look offs and interpretive signs. Guides lead small groups along the trails, pointing out the habits of hyperactive shorebirds or the brilliance of orchids half hidden in tall grass. One of the most popular trails in P.E.I. National Park is the Crumbling Coast Walk, where visitors climb down ropes along the red sandstone cliffs, drinking from springs sprouting from the rock. "It's a good way for people to appreciate our eroding coastline," says Michael. "At some places we're losing three feet a year to the sea."

At Cape Breton Highlands, visitors can hike to the top of a mountain overlooking a boreal forest and taiga barrens. "It's a lot of Canadian landscape crammed into one place," says Dave Algar, communications officer for the park.

The world famous beaches of the P.E.I. National Park beckon sunbathers and beachcombers available and plan their stay accordingly.

The key to the parks' appeal is variety, with activities geared to the backwoods adventurer, the family vacation and groups of energetic Scouts or reflective senior citizens. A recent thrust has been to design trails for visually-impaired and wheelchair-bound visitors. Accommodations for visitors range from back country camp sites accessible only by hiking trail or canoe, three-way hook-ups for RVs to chalets and nearby lodges and motels.

While activities are centred on the outdoors, some have more of a suburban than a wilderness flavour. Fundy Park in New Brunswick, like Terra Nova and Cape Breton Highlands, boasts a challenging golf course. "It can be unforgiving," says Paul Perkison, a park inter-



COURTESY N.B. TOURISM

Fundy Park is cooled by the bay's tides



COURTESY N.B. TOURISM

In the parks' scenic settings, office-weary urbanites are soon relaxed and revitalized



COURTESY N.B. TOURISM

Kouchibouguac has extensive bike trails

Barrier islands protecting the beaches and dunes of Kouchibouguac are connected by a floating boardwalk. "People find themselves walking on water for the first time in their lives," says Barry Spencer, chief of visitor services. The sand and the warm seawater in the lagoons attract sunbathers and swimmers. Along the boardwalk, interpreters point to the island home of one of the largest tern colonies on the continent or to a gully hiding a herd of seals.

The wildlife, protected in all national parks, is one of the main attractions and may pop up in unexpected places. Playing golf at Fundy, "visitors must sometimes stop and let the deer play through," says Perkison. In recent summers, park visitors have been able to watch young peregrine falcons take their first flights from the cliffs of Point Wolfe, as part of a program to re-establish the former inhabitants devastated by DDT in the 1950s and '60s.

Signs along the trails suggest which wildlife may be present and where to look. Telescopes at Cape Breton Highland's Cape North improve the chances of seeing seabirds or pilot, finback or sei whales offshore. At P.E.I. signs warn of the nesting ground of the piping plover, an endangered shorebird whose poorly protected nests are easily crushed underfoot. Checklists available at park offices specify birds as well as wildflowers —

Terra Nova has seven varieties of orchid, Gros Morne 175 species of birds.

Each visitor's experience is rounded by the forms of transportation he or she chooses. Hiking trails, some threading deep into the back country, are the cornerstone of most parks and Kouchibouguac and Prince Edward Island invite unhurried beachcombing. Kouchibouguac has an extensive bicycle trail system and cyclists regularly brave the steep climbs of the Cabot Trail.

The family car, however, is still the preferred way of getting around the Cabot Trail and is recommended at Gros Morne for taking a branch of the main highway to the Tablelands, a wasteland of volcanic

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SUMMER OUTDOORS

rocks which is one of Canada's strangest landscapes.

The most practical way to see Kejimikujik National Park in southern Nova Scotia is by canoe, the summer conveyance of its previous inhabitants, the Mic Mac Indians. "Keji" is actually a patchwork of numerous lakes, rivers and streams lying at the centre of the ancient Indian canoe route from the Bay of Fundy to the Atlantic coast. Here park staff have embarked on an ambitious program to

at Terra Nova ideal for walking with his wife, three-year old girl and nine-year old boy, who is confined to a wheelchair.

While the parks offer opportunities to test the skills of the hardest wilderness camper or satisfy the vacationer longing only to loll on a beach, Parks Canada's mandate to protect and conserve leads naturally to a focus on education, which in Parks' lingo comes under the term "interpretation."

"Park interpreters are messengers,"



N.B. TOURISM

maintain a thriving recreational fishery for trout, despite the region's susceptibility to acid rain.

Terra Nova in eastern Newfoundland is also a boater's paradise but with a salty flavour — 30 per cent of the park is ocean water. Sailboats dock at park wharves, ocean canoeing and kayaking are popular and the more intrepid snorkel and SCUBA dive in the cool waters. Boat tours explore Bonavista Bay, seeking out whales for the watching and cod for the jigging, while bald eagles patrol the tidal zones. Inland, anglers can try for brook trout and Arctic char.

Activities for children are also paramount at the parks with special events, such as puppet theatres and play areas, often situated near major campgrounds. A playground at Fundy is designed to "mimic how animals behave, how an otter slides, a falcon swoops and how animals climb," says Perkison. Inveterate camper Dennis Gill finds the level roads

says Kouchibouguac's Spencer. They impart knowledge about natural history and cultural heritage on guided walks, fireside chats and in more elaborate presentations in outdoor amphitheatres. At Terra Nova, campfire talks may be on the whales found in the bays or tales from the rich folklore of the island. An enticing theme at Keji is the petroglyphs (pictures carved in stone) left by aboriginal people.

The key to a successful vacation in a national park is planning. Call or write in advance for information. Bikes, canoes and boats are for rent in most parks. Sites in some campgrounds can be reserved in advance. Anglers can learn which gamefish are available and the dates of seasons. (A special licence is required to fish freshwater species in national parks.)

About the only thing staff at the parks can't guarantee is the weather. In this respect, the first trip may be all important to visitors. P.E.I.'s Michael says, "If it's fine then, they'll come back forever."

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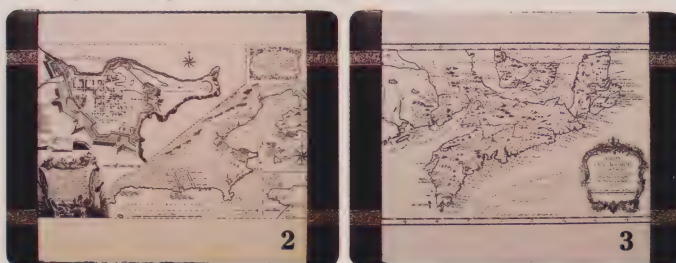
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Estate sales and auctions and their siren song

What better way to spend a sunny day in Atlantic Canada than bidding on bargains from the rolling lawn of a country estate

by Janice Murray Gill

Give me a thirty-dollar bid . . . thirty I have . . . now thirty-five I want . . .” This is the siren song that lures hundreds of Atlantic Canadian bargain hunters auctionwards. At dawn on summer Saturday mornings enthusiasts tuck into hearty breakfasts to fortify themselves for the long day ahead. Their minds aren’t on food though. They are concerned with how high they’re really willing to go to get a pair of Trenton glass goblets (Buttons and Bows pattern, perfect condition) or whether the auction somewhere in rural Colchester County is a better bet than the estate sale that’s scheduled in a small South Shore town.

There is a reason for this concern: for any given summer weekend there are sure to be a couple of columns of auctions listed in the daily papers while local weeklies will carry notices of smaller sales. Choosing the correct one to attend is a gamble, for selecting the sale with the mouthwatering list of antiques may land you among a group of serious buyers with money to match while, at another venue, an item you could kill for is knocked down to your arch-rival at a give-away price.

Then there’s the weather. This is of prime importance when attending household sales which are almost always held outdoors on the owner’s premises. No matter what the forecast says, our weather is sure to do the opposite. A simple rule of thumb serves: always dress for everything, making sure you can either don or doff.

Other natural phenomena have to be taken into account at country auctions. No thunderstorm could ever create the havoc caused by an innocent grass snake which surfaced in the midst of a group of auction goers sitting on the unmown lawn of an old farmhouse, waiting for the auctioneer to get to the chamber sets and milking stools. Larger members of the animal kingdom can make their presence felt too,



PHOTOS BY MICHAEL CREAGEN

The successful auctioneer must coax, cajole and even bully his audience into bidding



A farm auction can be an all-day affair

as when an inquisitive pair of goats devoured two hand-embroidered tablecloths, a ruffled petticoat and a pair of Victorian bloomers stashed too near their pasture fence by a careless buyer.

Since country auctions are all-day affairs, some people like to pack a picnic lunch. But if the sale is held in a community centre or fire hall, auctioneers often arrange catering by local church or women’s groups. The standard of home cooking in this region is high with homemade bread and rolls, mouthwatering pies

and cookies. Even when food is available, taking along something to drink is advisable for in hot weather the stock of beverages soon runs out.

Don’t forget that you have to get your booty home safely at the end of the day so take plenty of boxes and packing materials, especially if you are interested in fragile glass or china objects. Nothing underscores the wisdom of coming equipped like finding yourself wandering forlornly about the premises frantically juggling a complete tea set of eggshell-thin china and looking for something — anything — to put it in before it gets smashed to smithereens.

A day spent at a country auction is a spontaneous comedy and drama show as well as a lesson in social history and local customs, all wrapped up in an exciting treasure hunt. Pictou County auctioneer Donnie Pidgeon says there are still treasures to be found even though Atlantic Canadians are becoming more knowledgeable. “Every auction has its sleeper just waiting for the right person,” he says.

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SUMMER OUTDOORS

Don's wife, Sam, tells a story about Stickley chairs. A pair of nondescript, oak rocking chairs appeared in a sale and the first one sold for \$65. When the auctioneer held the second aloft for display, he spotted the noted Stickley signature. The winning bid for that chair was almost \$400.

There is another kind of bargain at household or estate auctions. Pidgeon says it's possible to furnish a house — sitting room, bedroom, dining room,

notice. To avoid disappointment, Pidgeon says make your bid clearly. Most auctioneers provide numbered cards which you hold up when you make your bid. Also, if you find that you have made an error and the piece you have bought is not, in fact, what you thought it was, some auctioneers may re-sell it for you if you tell them immediately. Don't count on it though. If an article was described by the auctioneer as perfect and you find that it is, in fact, damaged, you may return it.



An auction is usually a curious blend of spontaneous comedy, drama and treasure hunt

major appliances, dishes, cutlery and linen — for under \$4,000. For those able to do a bit of repair and refinishing, even this modest cost can be halved. It takes a bit longer to furnish a home this way but a season of careful auction going should enable you to buy the basics, get better quality, save money and have fun besides.

Dealers, of course, appear at auctions like ants at a picnic. Some buyers regard them with suspicion, if not downright hostility but, by watching their bidding, you can actually learn a lot. And since a dealer is certain to mark up his stock to allow for his overhead and profit, you can be sure that these professionals will never bid an article up beyond a percentage of its value.

A far more fearsome rival is the determined collector. Get into a bidding duel with one and soon you're up so high you need oxygen. Be prudent, decide beforehand how much to spend, add the sales tax and a further 10 per cent for excitement and stick to it. Despite good intentions, most auction goers will admit they get carried away from time to time but feel going through the exercise does impart a little immunity from auction fever.

Everyone has heard horror stories of unfortunates saddled with grand pianos they accidentally bought while nodding to a passing acquaintance. This just doesn't happen. In fact, if the sale is crowded and the bidding brisk, you may have difficulty attracting the auctioneer's

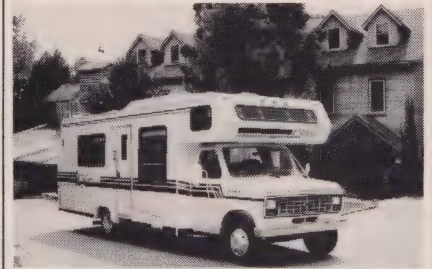
However most articles are sold "as is" so it is the buyer's responsibility to examine them carefully during the viewing.

Viewing usually takes place about an hour before the sale starts. This doesn't allow much time, so arrange to get there on the dot. There is little point in arriving too early as most auctioneers are still setting up and will not allow anyone on the premises. Once into the viewing area, go straight to the articles which interest you, look them over carefully and, when finished, use leftover time to examine all the other goodies.

Sales start sharp on time. An auctioneer cannot afford the luxury of a leisurely pace when the accumulated contents of a large house and outbuildings have to be sold in a single day. Yet, at the beginning, he has to warm up the crowd, get them into the relaxed mood which lets the money flow painlessly from the pocket. Watch a master like Jack Cunningham, the doyen of Nova Scotia auctioneers, at work. He jokes, tells stories, speculates on the origin and uses of the item he is selling and cajoles, coaxes and even bullies the audience into bidding.

By nightfall, although most auction goers are back home with their treasures, a few bargain hunters hang on for the last pieces of assorted junk that usually round off a sale. And the auctioneer, still hard at it, urges them on with his siren song. "...Now who'll give me forty?...It's against you at thirty-five... forty... watch it. Going at forty...are you all in?...all done?...SOLD."

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Baroque Music Festival brings the best of Bach to Lamèque

Baroque music and a remote New Brunswick community may be an unusual combination but people around the world say it works

by Sylvain Filion

It's hard to imagine that baroque music could make a tiny town in northeastern New Brunswick the talk of the international music community. But that's what is happening in the village of Lamèque, N.B., population around 1,500 and host of the annual Festival de Musique Baroque Lamèque (Baroque Music Festival). Now in its 14th year, the summer festival is currently as well known in European centres as it is in Atlantic Canada.

Each July, a select number of music lovers from across Canada and the United States head for the Lamèque festival. They come by car, camper and even by boat, mooring offshore for the two weekends of concerts. Every year more and more residents of the region, many of whom had no previous interest in 17th and 18th century music, come to hear the celebrated performances of the music of Johann Sebastian Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, Couperin, Rameau and others.

Festival director Matthieu Duguay started the international class cultural event in 1971 when he organized a harpsichord recital in Sainte-Cécile Church in Petite-Rivière-de-l'Île, a small community near Lamèque. The success of the first concerts convinced Duguay that Lamèque and baroque music were a magical combination. Today, the Baroque Music Festival involves a full team of dedicated volunteers who devote their spare time to putting together a festival that measures up, proportionally, to the festivals of major music centres like New York, Salzburg and London.

This year's Baroque Music Festival will be held on the weekends of July 8 and 9 and July 15 and 16 with France's Yannick Le Gaillard performing 18th cen-



Famed British conductor Andrew Parrott opened the 1988 festival with a Bach concert

tury French harpsichord music. Montreal's chamber choir, Studio de Musique Ancienne, will present church music in Tudor's England, including works by Tallis, Byrd, Gibbons and Purcell. Cellist Anner Bylsma from Amsterdam will be featured in an all Bach concert. And the choir and orchestra of La Mission Saint-Charles, under the direction of British conductor Andrew Parrott, will present an all Mozart concert, featuring among other works his Requiem (K. 626) and Ave Verum Corpus (K. 618). The choir is made up of talented amateur singers from the area, some of whom have formal musical training and all of whom are willing to tackle elaborate works.

Duguay feels that the main difference between his baroque festival and the



Ensemble Nouvelle-France's Richard Paré famed musical festivals of Europe and North America, such as Tanglewood and Vienna, is that they are of a greater scale. Many of them started small and, despite the benefits of larger centres and larger budgets, have the same goals — to attract classical music lovers and performers.

CLAUDETTE THERIAULT

CLAUDETTE THERIAULT

While Herbert von Karajan hasn't yet come to Lamèque, noted musicians from Europe and the United States have accepted Duguay's invitation to come and play over the years. In 1987, for example, Musica Antiqua of Cologne, West Germany, gave a concert of Bach music. American musician Robert Hill, New Brunswick's own Anne Dugas-Horsman and Bibiane Lapoint of Quebec joined forces with Lamèque's Choeur de la

in the Salzburg Festival if the right ingredients are there."

One difference is the main concert hall, Sainte-Cécile Church. The church's wood construction offers acoustics well suited to baroque music but its decoration often leaves both musicians and concert goers speechless. Warm colours and unusual, almost psychedelic, patterns give it a look that bears absolutely no relation to the baroque architecture of European churches. The church is the work of local parish priest Father D'Astous, who in 1968 requested the help of two painters from the region to give the church a look that would better reflect the thoughts and aspirations of his parishioners.

Another difference is that the musicians are not staying at the Park Plaza or the Dolder Grand. Often they live with local people who welcome them into their home, offering them a good measure of Acadian warmth and friendliness.

The Acadian village and island of Lamèque also offer both performers and participants a chance to stock up on fresh air and tranquility and to enjoy the natural



COURTESY N.B. TOURISM

Sainte-Cécile is unique, if not baroque



CLAUDETTE THIÉBAULT

Quebec's Ensemble Nouvelle-France sets the mood by performing in period costumes

Mission Saint-Charles to welcome music lovers that year.

During the 1988 festival, Andrew Parrott directed the Choeur de la Mission Saint-Charles and opened the festival with a Bach concert. Quebec's Ensemble Nouvelle-France was also on the program along with French harpsichordist Blandine Verlet, who performed the famous Goldberg Variations, trademark of the late Canadian pianist Glenn Gould.

Musicians who have performed at the festival over the years say they enjoy the out-of-the-way concert engagement because it's low key and relaxing — they don't feel the same pressure as they would in London or Vienna. "There are too many concerts, in my opinion, in London and they are not special," says British conductor Parrott. "Here, the concert is special. The concerts can be as good as

beauty of the region. There's no bustling traffic, no hectic pace, only warm wind and ocean waves. For those who make Lamèque their vacation destination, sporting activities include diving and deep sea fishing. There's also the local peat moss festival, held every July, which celebrates this important part of the island's economy, along with the fishing industry. Festivities range from competitions and parades to community suppers with plenty of seafood and dancing. Visitors to Lamèque often make a side trip to Miscou Island, also at the tip of the province. Beyond their beaches lies the open sea.

Information on this year's program and the time of concerts may be obtained by writing the Baroque Music Festival at P.O. Box 644, Lamèque, N.B. E0B 1V0, or by calling (506) 344-2246. ☐

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Seeing the real Newfoundland from a working coastal boat



KEITH NICOL

by Rick Hayes

When it comes to summer vacation choices, there are several types of tourists. Some have a certain destination, be it a summer cabin or a favourite resort, which they return to year after year. Others take to the road to visit different places but like to stay close to the beaten track. There's also a rarer breed, those who seek out unique vacations. These people are willing to make an extra effort, and perhaps suffer a little discomfort, to visit places and enjoy experiences the average person is content to dream about.

Newfoundland and Labrador, the least explored of the 10 provinces, offer this type of vacationer the perfect opportunity to do something that's definitely different. The coastal boats, which serve isolated parts of Newfoundland and Labrador as a sort of floating Trans-Canada Highway, enable the persistent and flexible tourist to travel through time as well as distance. A coastal boat vacation involves breathtaking scenery, the chance to experience different lifestyles and a service that doesn't even exist elsewhere in Canada.

"The coastal boats are an absolutely wonderful trip," says Nelson Adams, a retired Fredericton, N.B. lumberman who reckons he's taken all the "runs" over the years. Originally from Placentia Bay, Adams feels the boats are the ideal way to see the real Newfoundland. "Either the South Coast run or the Labrador service gives you a chance to see Newfoundlanders who are still making their livings in the traditional way. The summer fishing communities along the Labrador coast are especially interesting — the harbours are beautiful and things haven't changed a lot in them over the years."

If you take the Northern Ranger or the Taverner out of Lewisporte for the Labrador run, you'll be departing on an 1,100

For those who don't mind roughing it on a working freighter, Newfoundland and Labrador offer the vacation of a lifetime



COURTESY OF MARINE ATLANTIC

Livyers come alongside the coastal boat in speedboats to unload passengers and freight

mile trip along some of the most spectacular coastline in Canada. It's not uncommon to see whales, beautiful sea birds or even the occasional iceberg.

The sparsely populated area is home to two groups during the summer: the "livyers" or year round residents and a large number of Newfoundlanders who migrate yearly to Labrador to fish along the shores of the rocky archipelago. Operating from tiny summer communities called fishing stations, they depend on the coastal boat service for everything they require to survive in an area that has

no roads.

Serving those basic needs is the rationale for the existence of Marine Atlantic's heavily subsidized freight and passenger service. The boat stops at each station to unload freight and occasionally passengers, often anchoring offshore because there's no wharf that can handle large vessels. A buzz of speedboats — open fishing boats about 10 metres long that are equipped with the two outboards essential to safety along the rugged coast — quickly come alongside to take off passengers and freight. The occasional

person comes aboard to travel up or down the coast, perhaps to check on how things are back home, consult a doctor or nurse or just visit friends at another station to break the monotony of a long season in a place with only a handful of inhabitants.

Passengers who watch the cargo slings long enough at the 47 ports of call on the Labrador run will see just about everything needful to anyone go over the side to the waiting boats. There's food, of course, and fishing gear, disposable diapers and drums of gas, televisions, diesel engines, construction materials and much more. Virtually every bit of freight needed on the coast for the summer moves by boat and the bulk of the cargo which the year-round communities need for winter also comes by sea.

The coastal boats are as varied as the runs they make (not all of them are operated by Marine Atlantic). Boats smaller than the Taverner or Northern Ranger operate short runs between such communities as Burgeo and Ramea and Gaultois and Hermitage, while a well-



COURTESY OF MARINE ATLANTIC

A trip on the Northern Ranger often involves sightings of whales, sea birds or icebergs



KEITH NICOL

Burgoe is a southern stopping point

freight and passengers," says Doug Burgess, a spokesperson for Marine Atlantic. "A major promotion of the use of our vessels for tourism would displace local residents who can't travel economically by any other means and that would defeat the primary objective of having a coastal service."

But Burgess says the service is willing to provide passage for tourists if enough space exists on a particular trip, providing they realize the vessels are working freighters that carry passengers and not cruise ships offering luxurious amenities.

For the adventurous tourist, these inconveniences are part of the charm of a coastal boat vacation. Those who have given it a try say the key is to check out the trip before embarking on it and to be flexible.

For people interested in the best known Lewisporte to Nain, Labrador run and the South Coast (Port aux Basques to Terrebonneville) run, Marine Atlantic

suggests contacting them upon arrival in Newfoundland. Reservations are not generally accepted from mainland Canada or the U.S. For those who have friends in Newfoundland, ask them to check on the availability of bookings. Timing can be important as the amount of traffic varies with seasonal patterns of movement. Early September tends to be a little slack and the weather is still beautiful along the coast.

While there isn't a highly developed tourism industry in most of the ports the boats serve, more and more motels and bed and breakfast establishments are opening each year. The tourism branch of the Department of Development has information on many ports. If the staff there can't recommend any accommodations for smaller places, try phoning random people in the phone book who are listed in that port: they often know who's willing to take someone in for a night or two.

For those travellers who are persistent, adventurous and a little bit lucky, a coastal voyage is incredibly cheap and offers an opportunity to see and experience the traditional Newfoundland way of life. The rugged and rocky coastlines, ice in the early summer, cool, sunny weather and abundance of marine life and birds, coupled with the experience of life aboard a working freighter, make for what many call the vacation of a lifetime. ☒



RICK HANES

Tiny fishing villages dot the coastline

equipped ferry takes passengers and cars on an approximately 30-hour run between Lewisporte and Goose Bay.

Marine Atlantic, which operates the major coastal services under contract to Transport Canada, has seen freight volumes rise sharply in recent years. While the Crown corporation is taking steps to meet those freight needs and provide transportation for local residents, they aren't actively promoting the coastal boats' tourism potential. "Our vessel capacity reflects the need of coastal residents for essential transportation of

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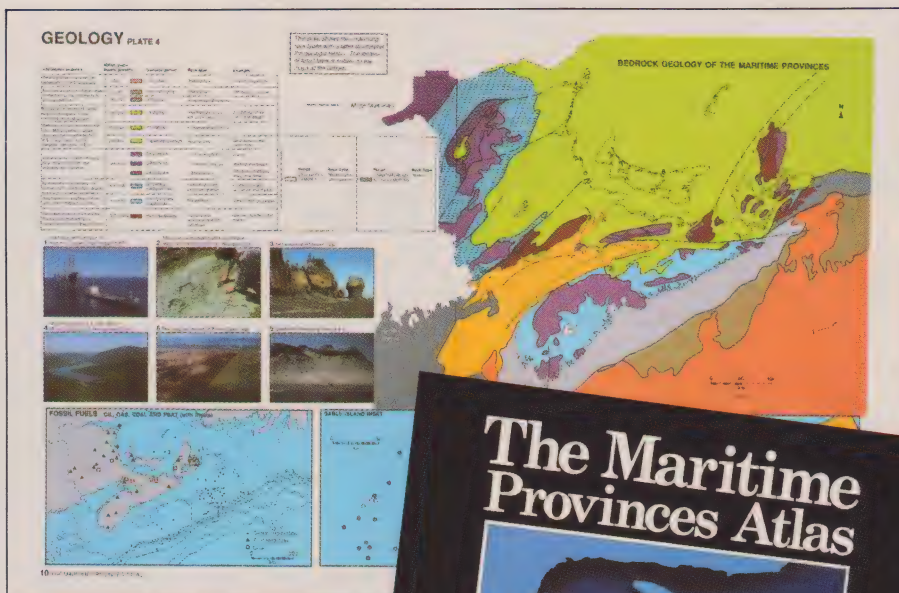
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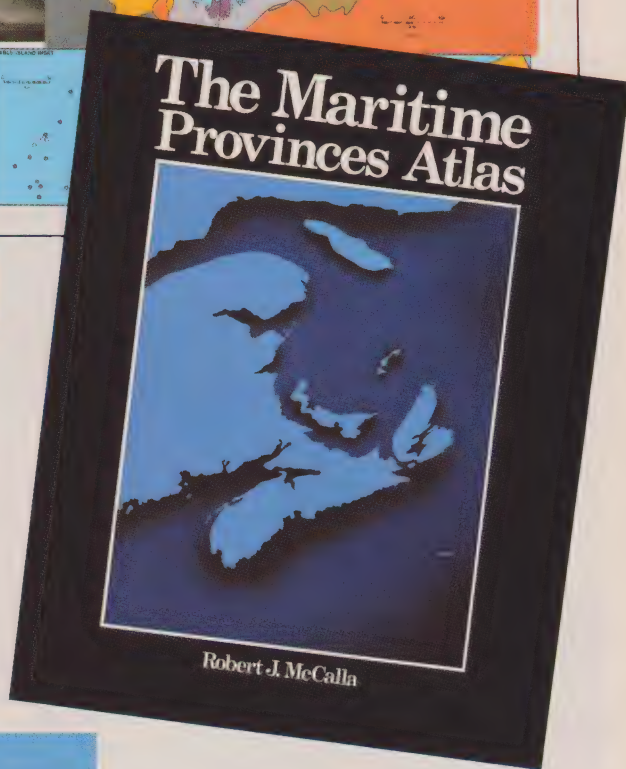


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Peggy's Cove enhancement questioned by residents

Recent development of Eastern Canada's tourist landmark is "breaking the hearts" of people who call Peggy's Cove home

by Pat Murphy

From late spring until mid-fall each year, tour buses and cars from all parts of Canada and the United States drive up a road that winds through a small, rock-bound village on Nova Scotia's South Shore. Each day, thousands of tourists park in an expansive lot and head out on foot to view what is probably the most photographed lighthouse in the world. Many of them also stop to eat in the restaurant and gift shop complex, the Sou'wester. They are at Peggy's Cove, Eastern Canada's tourist landmark and the province's most publicized scenic attraction.

Visitors began arriving at Peggy's Cove in significant numbers in the mid-'60s, after it was declared part of a preservation area. The area includes a unique land form around the cove, known as the "barrens," which bears the signature of a glacier as it made its final passage to the sea. Exposed bedrock, which elsewhere would be 200 or more feet below the surface, juts out fiercely through the ground everywhere. The lighthouse itself sits on a massive rock.

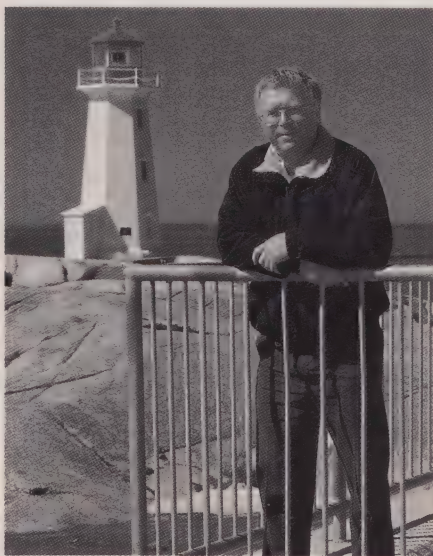
Since the mid-'60s, the 50 or so village residents have come to regard the annual tourist invasion with equanimity. And despite its summertime role, Peggy's Cove has continued to be a peaceful, working fishing community. Its physical environment also remained relatively undisturbed — that is until the summer of 1988.

Last summer the locals became angry when earth-moving machines crunched through the village and moved up to the restaurant complex. By late summer they had left behind a much needed septic field but they had also produced an expanded paved parking lot, walls of broken rock and cement sidewalks which cut through the granite outcroppings between the restaurant and lighthouse. It was all part of government funded development plans, dubbed the "Peggy's Cove Enhancement Project."

Although no geological faults have appeared from the blasting of the age-old granite, emotional fissures from it are running deep in the community. And of late, the unrest has spread to Indian Harbour and West Dover, villages on the western and eastern approaches to the tourist gold mine.

Alice Lanning, whose small shop sits just below the Sou'wester complex, says the project has destroyed the natural beauty of the cove. "It just breaks my heart when I see it," says the 84-year-old who has been running her store by herself for 51 years. "I don't want to see Peggy's Cove become a tourist trap."

Fisherman Roger Crooks says the community should have been consulted about any proposed local development.



Jack Campbell: project creating fissures

"We weren't asked about this project, we were just told." He says it also contradicts the originally expressed aim of the Peggy's Cove Act, established by Order of Council in 1962 to prevent development and "protect the scenic beauty" of Peggy's Cove and its approaches.

When the 1962 act was put in place, the Province expropriated lands that extended into communities neighbouring the cove to create a preservation area. It then formed a seven-member Peggy's Cove Commission, which included four members from the village, to oversee refurbishing codes. In 1982, the act was amended to allow very restricted development.

It was during the early '60s that Jack Campbell bought the Sou'wester, then a failing tearoom. Through hard work and careful promotion, Campbell turned the area into a tourist mecca. He attributes his initial success to the fact that as soon as he went into business he created a

parking lot on his property so people had a place to stop and see the coast.

With the recent development project, Campbell has been able to expand his own gift shop significantly. Despite complaints from the community, he claims the project enhanced Peggy's Cove and was necessary. The sidewalks enable elderly visitors to get to the lighthouse, he says, while the removal of old electric poles has improved the view and the new septic field and washrooms require less water than the old ones, hence putting less stress on an overtaxed environment.

In season, Campbell employs more than 120 people and he gives residents of the cove and neighbouring villages the first chance at the jobs. He's also known as a person who wouldn't ask an employee to perform a task he wouldn't take on himself and as being readily available to help a neighbour in trouble.

Most residents are reluctant to point an accusing finger at Campbell himself. They blame the government. Raymond Dunlop, who runs a small gift shop near the entrance to the village, reckons that if he were Campbell he'd take the money too. But he's bitter about the development. "It wasn't supposed to be like this in Peggy's Cove. It wasn't supposed to be paved parking lots and sidewalks and more buses driving all the way up there."

Dunlop is also angry because he's prohibited by commission restrictions from building a modest storage shed next to his business. "The government will bend over backwards for the big guy, but it treats the little man like dirt," he says.

Temper are also hot in West Dover, especially among those whose properties fall within the boundaries of the Peggy's Cove preservation area and are therefore subject to tight building restraints. With the recent expansion of Peggy's Cove, Dover residents have become vocal. In late February, Percy Baker, councillor for the district, declared angrily at a County Council meeting that residents of West Dover were victims of a Nazi-type land grab. He said the reasons for protecting the Peggy's Cove area were overrated.

County officials say the powers of the province are overriding in this case and that they can't help.

But people in and around Peggy's Cove now feel that the act and the commission are tools of an uncaring government which is boxing in ordinary citizens while it allows big business to go ahead with development. Wilfred Manuel, a long-time cove resident and member of the commission, says the expansion project "was just handed over to us. I never even knew about it until the project was already approved."

Where will it all end for Nova Scotia's tourist capital? If government funds sidewalks and a sea of tarmac today, will it push for roller coasters tomorrow? ☒



MICHAEL CREAGEN

A 200-year-old university that knows how to survive

Not happy to rest on its laurels, the University of King's College is celebrating its bicentennial by looking forward

A few days before Christmas '87 University of King's College president Marion Fry got a phone call in Oakville, Ont. from former president John Godfrey. He said the publishing firm Maclean-Hunter was looking for a way to celebrate its 100th anniversary and had decided to give away substantial endowments to six universities across Canada. He had suggested that one of those six should go to Atlantic Canada.

by Maggie Brown

On Christmas Eve morning Fry met with Maclean-Hunter's Geoffrey Smythe, vice-president for corporate affairs in Toronto, to discuss the endowment. He asked her what King's would do with the money if chosen. Fry knew the idea of a Contemporary Studies program had been around at King's for a long time. "There was a huge file on the subject, in fact," she says. "I thought the program would augment the journalism program and also give King's the second degree

program it needed."

By the middle of the afternoon, Maclean-Hunter had decided on King's but Fry would have to accept the money in writing before the end of the year. Unsure there would be enough time if she waited until she got back to Halifax, Fry wrote an acceptance letter on the spot. That afternoon, the \$500,000 was transferred to King's bank account to be used for a new chair in Journalism and Contemporary Studies. A further agreement by the provincial government to match the interest the endowment would earn was secured just a short time later. By gaining the Contemporary Studies program, says Fry, "we are now looking both backwards

and forwards.”

It was an auspicious beginning to 1988 and a significant boost to the preparations for King's 200th anniversary being celebrated this year. For the oldest university in the Commonwealth (outside the British Isles), it has been an exciting, if not uneasy, 200 years. Over time King's has been everything from a school for future Anglican clergy to a training centre for the Canadian Navy. During the Second World War, the Germans even reported that they had sunk it.

And although they never did actually sink the school, fire did once destroy it and changing times forced the institution to make changes on more than one occasion. Through it all, however, King's has survived.

King's kicked off its birthday celebrations on Feb. 1 with a cake cutting party and a balloon release. In March, an original musical production — *Big 2 Revue* — depicted the 200-year history. On April 9, Royal Assent Day, King's hosted a special events day and on May 10, the 200th graduating class will receive degrees in All Saints' Cathedral in Halifax. Later this summer hundreds of alumni from around the world will converge on the King's campus for a weekend reunion. Other events include a special program on CBC's *Morningside* and an original composition by Dr. Walter Kemp to be performed by the King's choir and Symphony Nova Scotia next fall. A floral carpet in honour of the milestone will be displayed over the summer at the Public Gardens in Halifax.

King's was first established in New York in 1756. But the American Revolution forced colonial Loyalists north to the Maritimes some 30 years later. Left behind is the institution known as Columbia University. The Anglican Loyalists wanted a place where they could educate their children and their clergy in the British Church of England tradition. So they were forced to rebuild King's from the beginning.

Bishop Charles Inglis, whose territory included most of what is now Eastern Canada, was the driving force behind getting the recommendations passed to start making plans for the school. Windsor, N.S. was chosen as the site for the university because of its central location and distance from the growing city of Halifax with all its distractions. King George III granted the charter on April 9, 1789.

In the earlier days in Windsor, as today, life at the college revolved around an active residence life. The men at the college (the first woman graduated in 1897) were housed in “bays”, which consisted of two connecting rooms with a common study. Students spent most of their days in close contact with each other. Each morning a student's day began at 6:30 with attendance at a compulsory service in the chapel.

But life at King's in Windsor was

suddenly and irrevocably altered on February 5, 1920. In less than two hours, the college burned to the ground. *The Halifax Herald* wrote, “About 2:30 this afternoon, King's College, the oldest Colonial university in the world, was reduced to ashes...leaving nothing standing but the four chimneys and the stone walls dividing the bays. . . To add to the consternation of the faculty and students, the hydrants were frozen and had to be thawed out before the water could be used.”

Despite this tragedy, people were convinced that King's would be rebuilt. But support for the new college buildings



Celebrations began at King's Feb. 1 when President Marion Fry cut a giant birthday cake

in Windsor was less than overwhelming. King's would have to make some compromises in order to survive and rebuild this time.

The well-known American philanthropic organization, the Carnegie Foundation, was approached for funds. They set up a committee to look at the problem. In the end the Carnegie Foundation donated \$600,000. For their part, King's had to raise enough money for the new buildings (\$400,000) and move to Halifax in a new association with Dalhousie University.

The deal was struck. The Carnegie money was used to hire faculty members for the new joint King's-Dalhousie campus. Built on the Oxford design, the campus consisted of an Arts and Administration (A&A) building with adjoining residence accommodation for men and women, the president's lodge, a chapel and a separate mens' residence building consisting of three bays.

The financial relationship between the two institutions is complex. Dr. Wayne Hankey, an associate professor of classics and the college librarian, puts it quite simply, “We pay Dalhousie to educate our students.” He says this has its drawbacks and benefits. But he admits the arrangement does allow King's to draw on a larger intellectual and social community.

During the Second World War, between 1941 and 1945, HMCS King's was used by the Royal Canadian Navy as an

officer's training camp. Classes continued uninterrupted with the influx of 3,000 sub-lieutenants to the college. The designation of HMCS for the training bases gave rise to the rumour that the Germans had even reported sinking HMCS King's.

Things at the college began to calm down after the war. Suffragen bishop Russell Hatton, who attended King's in the '50s, remembers fondly, “Life was peaceful then.” He says the King's formal, hierarchical ways continued into residence life — lower classmen sat below upper-classmen at chapel and at formal dinner students entered in order of importance, women coming last. Men and women ate

separately then and were well-guarded by the matrons. “If you wanted to see a girl, you had to ask the matron to see her in the common room,” he says. But there were plenty of high jinks. “Oh yes, waterbombs were always being thrown out of the windows and they were often aimed at professors,” he says. Another favourite trick was hoisting someone's bed up the flagpole in the quad.

By the late '60s a serious shortage of staff and a diminishing enrollment for the divinity program posed a problem. Increased co-operation between King's and the Holy Heart Seminary, a school for Catholic priests, and the Pine Hill Divinity School for United Church clergy (who were also experiencing smaller enrollments) led to suggestions that one school of theology be created. This idea was well received and in 1971 the Articles of Agreement creating the school were signed. In 1974 the Atlantic School of Theology (AST) was established by an act of the legislature.

With the divinity school gone, however, King's was without its own degree-granting program. Pressure from the government, in the form of the Maritime Provinces Higher Education Commission (MPHEC), was building for King's to find a *raison d'être*.

King's was forced once again to take the initiative and re-invent itself in order to survive.

Through the interest of King's and

MILESTONES

Dalhousie professors in the idea of an older-style interdisciplinary curriculum, the Foundation Year Programme (FYP) was developed and held its first lecture in the fall of 1972. FYP is worth four credits towards a Bachelor of Arts degree and three towards a Bachelor of Science. Students study the development of Western civilization from the beginning of time through to the Second World War. Although the program leans heavily toward philosophical, classical and historical events, students also learn about art, music, science and, of course, theology.

A voluminous reading list that includes books like Plato's *Republic* and Nietzsche's *Beyond Good and Evil*, daily lectures and required tutorials all help the students produce one 2,000 word essay every two weeks. Exams consist of both "nerve shattering" oral and written tests at the end of each term.

Fry says the interdisciplinary aspect of the program is what makes it so successful. "Faculty members and students benefit from this aspect of the school because it is natural to teach in this way," she says. "Everything relates in FYP and students can draw on all the disciplines in the future."

Despite the growing importance of FYP, King's still didn't have its own independent degree granting program. A School of Journalism was brought forward as an idea.

Godfrey, who is now the editor-in-chief of *The Financial Post*, says the idea came from King's "journalistic tradition — through the '50s there were night-time and extension courses in subjects like public speaking, social work and journalism taught at King's."

And, in 1978, King's implemented the idea that had been kicking around for a long time and established Bachelor of Journalism and Honours Bachelor of Journalism degree programs.

King's is now adding the Contemporary Studies program to its curriculum to bridge the gap between the more retrospective FYP program and the contemporary journalism department. "Tentatively, it will be a small honours program with eight to 10 students that will grant a Bachelor of Philosophy in Contemporary Studies," says Dr. Angus Johnston, coordinator of the program. Students will study the political, scientific and thoughtful development of modern Western civilization.

Along with the new program will be a new library, with construction scheduled to begin in August. The library, which has been in the planning stages for a number of years, will house a collection that includes a large number of rare and valuable manuscripts, books and other artifacts. Many of these are the works of noted Canadian literary figures, like Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the creator of the character Sam Slick. The library,

located on the third floor of the Arts and Administration Building, has been evolving with the university, so much so that the sheer weight of the books can no longer be supported by the building's structure.

A \$7-million fund-raising campaign for the library is also under way during this bicentennial with more than half of the funds already committed by government. "The campaign's off to a good start," says Hankey. The "Family Campaign" alone received \$95,000 from present students, staff, faculty members and the members of the Board of Governors.

That kind of financial support for the college is due, in part, to the devotion of its former students and faculty. The eclectic mixture of students from all walks of life and parts of Canada and the world, an active residence life, a very active religious Anglican church presence and the intense nature of the programs give faculty and students a chance to get to know each other and the college well.

Residence life at King's has historically been the anchor for the college. In the early '70s, many Dalhousie and Nova Scotia Art College students lived on campus. Then, with only slightly more than 300 students in total, the 200-plus residence students were a tight-knit community forming lasting friendships and an intense affinity for the institution. While it was true then that many students, as one alumna noted, "kind of bumped into King's by accident when looking for residence accommodation at Dalhousie," today King's has more than 600 students and only those registered at King's can live on campus. The growing reputation of both FYP and the Journalism School has given King's a separate identity from Dalhousie. Rather than just living at King's and going to Dal for classes, students now have the opportunity to study and live on their campus.

"You need students and teachers constantly bumping into one another, talking about things at all times of the day and night, formally and informally," Godfrey once said. And play has always been an important part of life at King's. Tom Regan, a columnist for the *Daily News* in Halifax and a King's graduate, reminisced recently about some of his favourite antics. "King's boasts some great traditions, like the annual water fight. One battle got so raucous somebody reported a riot was in progress. Eight police cars, a paddy wagon and two fire engines showed up to quell the disturbance. All they found was a lot of wet students."

Along with the active residence life, however, there is an equally active religious presence. At one time, in fact, most of the members of the Board of Governors were also members of the Anglican clergy. Today, the Board is evolving to

reflect the changes at King's. Hankey says he's glad the association is loosening. "The Church can't play the same role as it used to. . . there's a new kind of reality here," he says.

But religious life at the King's chapel seems to have moved in a more conservative, rather than liberal direction since the '50s when Hatton was a student. There are three services each day at the chapel and once a week there is a mass that includes incense burning, and other high church rituals. "I don't know why the change occurred, but the chapel has definitely moved to a high church model since I was there," says Hatton.

All these aspects of King's have been the result of its many reincarnations and changes, its students and programs and, most of all, its size.

Godfrey once attempted to explain the unique atmosphere at King's College: "North American universities are littered with Oxford inspired sub-units called colleges. They usually don't work because they are usually just glorified halls of residence. They have no academic purpose and no intellectual coherence." King's works because it does provide its students with not only an academic purpose but also a unique atmosphere in which to receive it. ☒

Who, what, where, when and why?

Eleven years after opening its doors, the School of Journalism is planning to make some radical changes in its curriculum. Most of these changes will take place in conjunction with the new Contemporary Studies program. Michael Cobden, the present director of the school, says he wants to establish the study of journalism as central to the purpose of the university, while keeping practical training as the core of the program.

The school's reputation was summed up by *Maclean's* magazine editor Kevin Doyle in 1986 when he wrote in an editorial: "A combination of strong teaching skills, good student morale and an emphasis on developing basic writing and reporting strengths makes the school one of the most effective in the country." He was commenting on "an elite group of graduates," three of whom worked for *Maclean's* at the time. One of those reporters, Pamela Young, was the first person they hired right out of journalism school. Other graduates of the school have done equally well in finding



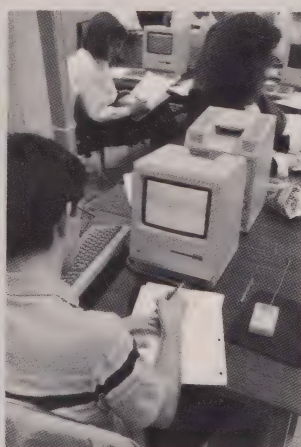
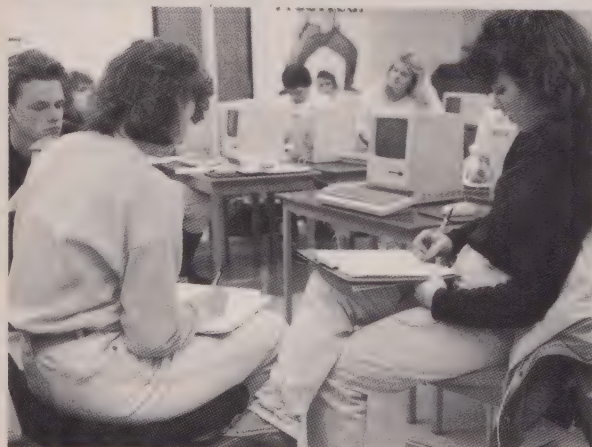
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employment. Marc Clarke is with *Maclean's* Ottawa bureau, Peter Cheney, a feature writer for the *Toronto Star*, and Carole McDade is assignment editor for MITV. King's students are scattered all over the country and are working in every aspect of the media.

Students graduating from high school can choose a four-year BJ(Honours)

students, who have already received a degree, take an intense combination of journalism courses. While the school concentrates on the print media, students are able to work at CKDU radio at Dalhousie and Halifax Cablevision and compulsory internships at various media outlets in Halifax/Dartmouth round out their training.



MICHAEL GREENE

Developing basic writing and reporting skills is one of the school's greatest strengths

degree in which they take the FYP program, then two years of a mixture of both arts and science courses at Dalhousie along with basic writing and reporting courses at King's. The fourth year is taught completely in the Journalism department. The one-year BJ degree

A good measure of how the program has changed over the years is to take a look at what began as the *King's Watch* and eventually evolved into the *North End News*.

When George Bain came to the School of Journalism in 1979, he says his

greatest satisfaction came from getting a newspaper going. "Before I got there the students were working on their own on the *King's Watch*, a campus paper. I thought 'this is useless' and took it into the school. I wanted to make it more realistic and give the students some real life experience."

In the past year, the school launched a new community newspaper, the *North End News*, and its editors won a Group of Seven award from the province for contributing to the community.

The Maclean-Hunter endowment brought prominent political advisor Tom Kent to teach a current Canadian politics class and when the Contemporary Studies program is implemented, the full-time professor will keep an office in the Journalism department.

Cobden says the new program will give his students the opportunity to look at contemporary issues and developments. But, he says, "It won't meet a need to inform our students about the immediate world." He's considering setting up a parallel course taught by a number of journalists, one to each decade, to deal with "information rather than knowledge."

"Like most journalists I'm very worried about the profession right now," he says. "We think this program might be a way to influence journalism by giving journalists better training."

— Maggie Brown

FOLKS

Twice a week **Francine Giroux** drives up to the Sisters of St. Martha's convent in Charlottetown, P.E.I. In a basement room of the convent, Francine teaches a small group of nuns the graceful moves of Tai Chi, a martial art that falls somewhere between yoga and karate. The movements have different names such as "tiger go up the mountain" or "wide stork open his wings" and these descriptions help the sisters remember where to put each hand and foot.

The Tai Chi classes, which started last fall, have proven popular with older nuns because of the slower, gentler movements. The nuns range in age from 50 to 90 and they've all noticed a difference in their bodies. One sister says her joints don't creak as much any more.

Francine says, "It makes them grow in all kinds of ways and me too. I learn when I teach the class and the reward is seeing the nuns improve. That's reward enough for me." The two classes that Francine teaches are volunteer. The 32-year-old mother of three is busy with



GORD JOHNSTON

Giroux: her reward is seeing her class of nuns, aged 50 to 90, benefit from Tai Chi

her family but when the nuns were looking for someone to demonstrate the Chinese exercise, she answered the call.

"There's an aspect of Tai Chi you won't grasp right away," says Francine. "It looks very easy...like you're not doing too much."

The sisters practise for an hour every Monday and Friday. The class is physically demanding but it's also a chance to unwind. "There's a spiritual dimension to it too," says Francine. That's what makes it different from other exercise regimes available these days, she says. "They're for the body. Tai Chi is for the

physical, mental and spiritual dimensions."

Unlike the other martial arts, there's no kicking or yelling in Tai Chi. The only sound you'll hear is Francine's voice as she instructs the sisters. And that quiet time refreshes both the nuns and Francine.

The sisters love Francine and they love Tai Chi. As one nun says, "It sure is different but it's gentle and quiet. I came down one night to class, very tired and I said to myself, 'oh, I just can't go,' but I came back from Francine's class feeling a lot better." — *Suzanne Stanley*

For baseball fans around the world, the familiar springtime command of "play ball" is music to the ear. But for **Edna Duncanson**, it has even more significance. The native of Gaspereau, N.S., played professional baseball with the New York Bloomer Girls in 1935. And she was the only Canadian to play on that team.

Based in Staten Island, N.Y., the Bloomer Girls were founded in 1910 by Margaret Nabel. Duncanson says the girls didn't lose a game. "My biggest thrill in life was being accepted on a team that went undefeated in its 25 years of play," she says.

Duncanson started playing baseball at age five. "I learned to play ball on the schoolyard," she says. "My five brothers taught me the rules of the game." At age 17, Duncanson went to visit a sister in New York. Watching her toss a ball in the streets, an acquaintance recognized her talents as a pitcher and arranged for a try-out with the Bloomer Girls.

Before long, she was touring with the team, either toeing the slab [pitching mound] or protecting third base. The



DNS PHOTOGRAPHICS

Duncanson: Canada's only Bloomer Girl

Bloomer Girls played across the United States, notching up about 100 games per season. They even journeyed into Mexico and on one occasion played a game in Westville, N.S.

The girls travelled from town to town in two open touring cars, taking on community men's teams at scheduled stops. They even took on the House of David, one of the better known touring men's teams of the day. Many of the House players were former major leaguers or young players on their way up.

The Depression-torn '30s were not good times for many, but baseball did much to take people's minds off their troubles. "Both men and women, young and old, turned out to watch the games," Duncanson recalls. "The bleachers were always full."

Duncanson returned home in 1936, when the team was dissolved. But her interest in sports didn't wane. She played basketball, softball and even took up bowling. "Basketball was always my best game," she says. But it was baseball that brought her notoriety. — *Alice LeDuc*

Dr. Hilary Rodriques practises dentistry in Whitbourne, Nfld. about 50 miles from St. John's. He is also the town's mayor and he has come up with a plan to increase employment and tourism in his community.

For three years now, he has been working on perfecting his blueberry wine recipes. "The semi-sweet and the dry are

Rodriques got the idea for the winery from a friend, whose blueberry wine recipe matched many of the imports he had tried. The native of Tanzania, East Africa, came to Newfoundland 15 years ago to "look around." He has been working and investing in the province ever since. He started a mink ranch in the area as well as opening the only drugstore ser-



For Rodriques practising dentistry goes hand-in-hand with running a town and making wine

ready but I'm still working on a sparkling wine," says Rodriques. As soon as finances are in place Rodriques hopes to open the first winery in Newfoundland, right in Whitbourne. It will produce wines made from local blueberries as well as bottling products from Germany and California. He says seven new jobs would be created in the winery alone.

vicings 25,000 people in about 20 small communities.

He plans to set up his winery in the old Markland Cottage Hospital which has been closed for a few years. But his ideas don't end with making blueberry wine. He also intends to open a hospitality home in the same building, housing a fine dining restaurant. — Sheilagh Guy



GEORGEY GAMMON

Macaulay and Rogers: reaching the summit

After 11 years of practise and perseverance, piper **Bruce Macaulay** and drummer **Andrew Rogers** have reached the summit of their careers as amateur musicians. They have each recently earned the title of Grade One Champion Supreme for their skill on a chosen instrument.

The two Fredericton men, both students at the University of New Brunswick, acquired an interest in Scottish music as children. They developed their talents as members of the Fredericton Society of St. Andrew Pipe Band and have competed as soloists at various highland games in the region.

In solo competition, drummers perform a march and reel while pipers play a lament, march, reel and jig. Having reached the highest level of amateur proficiency, the two are now eligible to compete as professionals in the open category, for prizes of cash rather than trophies. Although Bruce will perform as an amateur at this year's North American Championships, Andrew will enter at least one open competition in Scotland.

Both musicians take as much satisfaction discussing their instruments as they do their titles. Bruce says his snare drum is the type especially designed for pipe bands. "There is a lot more tension on the head than on a brass band drum, which gives it a different sound."

As for Andrew, he says the bagpipes are "very temperamental. They react to changes in the weather — to dryness and moisture. One day everything can be fine and the next you've got problems. But that doesn't stop us. Canadian pipe bands and players are ranked among the best in the world." — Carol MacLeod

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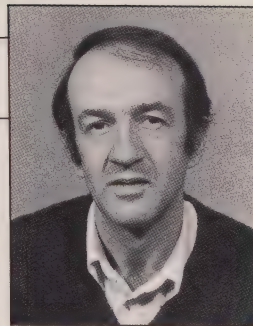
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Flying pigs and megaprojects

For some time the Nova Scotia government has been pursuing a plan to build a multi-billion dollar project to feed coal-fired electricity to New England via what would be the longest undersea cable in the world. The pursuit has been quiet. The government would have preferred a lot of noise but neither the public nor the formerly gaga press has been able to generate any enthusiasm. Having seen this sort of thing once too often, they have apparently concluded that it's a lot of baloney.

At hearings in February to determine a power rate increase, where various annoyed interests looked suspiciously into the Nova Scotia Power Corporation (NSPC) and all its works, a couple of experts in utility financing from Toronto added zest to that point of view. One said the NSPC, with a \$1.6 billion debt, was in the worst financial shape of any publicly-operated utility in Canada. The other said the NSPC's debt would prevent it from raising cash for its undersea cable project, which also involves four gigantic power plants in eastern Nova Scotia that would double the province's coal-fired power generation. The idea behind the scheme is that, since private investors would fall all over themselves to get a piece of the action, it wouldn't cost the taxpayer a cent — and pigs would fly.

Premier John Buchanan dismissed these characters as typical Toronto grinchers who are always badmouthing everything that's good and true about Atlantic Canada.

In other words we still haven't left the era of the Great Hot Air Projects in Atlantic Canada. Why Atlantic politicians — primarily those of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland — continue to court humiliation and disaster with these boondoggles is something for a battery of shrinks to figure out. Whether it's a question of delusions of grandeur, masochistic addiction (no matter how spectacular the last flop, they're always right back for more) or a yen for kinky politics, it's obviously a psychological problem. There's nothing in normal human logic to explain it.

No amount of past or present experience seems capable of making an impression on these hawkers of economic illusion. Right on cue, for example, just as the great Nova Scotia cable caper is being flashed up (the first \$1 million has been blown by the NSPC in preparatory work so far and proposals for \$5 million worth of studies have been called for) the great Newfoundland cucumber caper is

coming to its preordained ignoble end.

Whenever yet another hot air scheme — in particular an energy megaproject for export — is conjured from the East Coast mists, I feel moved to deliver my thumbnail megaproject history in order to put the thing in perspective.

Out of a dozen or more major energy projects that have been presented as manna from heaven to the job-starved wretches of these shores over the past two decades, only three have seen the light of day: John Shaheen's Come-by-Chance, Nfld. refinery, the Churchill Falls, Labrador hydroelectric project and the Point LePreau, N.B. nuclear reactor. The first two were unmitigated disasters. The refinery was mothballed forthwith and Churchill Falls, which works well enough, delivers all its benefits to Quebec. LePreau is the only one that works economically and that's mainly supplying the domestic market.

You can't double the burning of coal while cleaning up the environment

The most absurd scheme of all also involved a submarine cable to New England from western Nova Scotia. This was a plan by American entrepreneurs, seriously entertained first by the Tory government of the late '60s then by the following Liberal one, to build 12 nuclear reactors, each nearly twice the size of the LePreau reactor, on an island near the coast of Shelburne County.

In some ways, though, the scheme that most closely resembles the present one was Fundy tidal power. Gerald Regan thumped the tubs for this one throughout his reign and John Buchanan picked it up thereafter. Sure-fire go-aheads for a mammoth project harnessing the tides of the Bay of Fundy, expressed in sweeping headlines in *The Chronicle Herald*, came as regularly as the spring tides. Whenever any New York banker let John Buchanan in the door he took it as final proof that billions would soon flow and Fundy

power was at hand.

The newspaper headlines have disappeared but Buchanan is full of the same news regarding his cable project whenever he shuffles through New England which, he would have us believe, is desperate for this power. Yet when the Halifax newspaper reporters phoned, New England power experts pooh-poohed it as the last of various options.


There have been other schemes — the Trans-Quebec and Maritimes natural gas pipeline of a decade ago, Hibernia oil, Venture natural gas, a petrochemical complex at the Strait of Canso, a liquefied natural gas terminal at Saint John, undersea power cables and pipelines hither and yon. All of it illusion (including, in my estimation, the latest go-ahead for Hibernia, which will stall with the upcoming recession).

These schemes are more than embarrassments. They are more, too, than wasted money, time and political energy. They warp public policy and keep these provinces in the nation's eye as political and financial backwaters.

The underwater cable scheme is a case in point. It emerges from the Nova Scotia government's single-minded obsession with coal as an energy source. In carrying what could be a sound policy to extremes it has squelched alternate sources of energy and made Nova Scotia the most reactionary energy jurisdiction in Canada, not to mention the one closest to insolvency.

It has also placed Nova Scotia in a hypocritical position regarding pollution. As part of its "New PC" rebirth from the scandals of the past three years, the Buchanan government has discovered the environment. Perhaps noticing that you can't double the burning of coal while cleaning up the environment, it did not mention the cable scheme in its last throne speech.

The cable scheme faces high construction costs, market uncertainties, uphill competition from other power sources and engineering problems yet to be overcome. There's also the fact that the NSPC and its backer, the provincial government, are up to their eyeballs in debt. And there's a recession coming.

The cable caper is, in short, dead in the water. If the "New PCs" are really new, they'll drop the nonsense before it costs any more money and swear off any similar nonsense in future. Don't count on it, though. It's a psychological problem. 

A tribute to spring

The Gowrie House in Sydney Mines celebrates spring with a menu featuring fresh, local foods

by Bob LeDrew

Clifford Matthews and Ken Tutty attribute the success of their restaurant to "the fact that we have fresh food, freshly prepared." Matthews, who says he doesn't believe in compromising quality, personally chooses all of the food that is served in the Gowrie House in Sydney Mines, N.S. He also makes the most of local and seasonal foods which, at this time of year, include strawberries, Cape Breton lamb and farm salmon. "We grow our own herbs, our own leeks and all other produce comes from a family farm about 10 miles from here."

The freshness of the ingredients combined with quick and careful preparation results in memorable dishes. Since Matthews and Tutty opened their small, private restaurant and inn in 1982, it has garnered rave reviews from locals and tourists. For Cape Bretoners, "going to the Gowrie" has come to mean a superb meal served on fine china in an atmosphere of grace and dignity.

The Gowrie House sits among modern split-level houses, not too far from an old, abandoned coal mine. The Georgian house, built in 1830 and owned by the prominent Archibald family for 145 years, is mansion-like by the standards of Sydney Mines, which holds only memories of the prosperity which led to its establishment.

Part of the reason for the Gowrie's reputation is the control which the two men exert over their clientele. The Gowrie opens only to people with reservations and Matthews and Tutty keep a tight rein on the number of customers. This allows Matthews to buy food specifically for that evening and to plan his menu much more precisely. It also allows for more efficient cooking by Matthews and his part-time staff.

"The maximum number of people here for an evening is about 40," says Matthews. "That means that we can

prepare everything more or less individually for each guest — we don't precook things and I don't even own a steam table. The food is taken right from the stove to the table. That's something that can't happen at a larger restaurant and people notice the difference."

Two dishes that have become spring signatures for the Gowrie are their chilled strawberry soup and Cape Breton farm salmon with hollandaise sauce. No dish could be more symbolic of spring in Atlantic Canada than sweet, refreshing strawberry soup. The Cape Breton farm salmon is lightly poached and served with a sauce that accentuates its fine flavour and texture. Matthews says, "I like to use Cape Breton farm salmon whenever I can. They aren't as big as some of the salmon available from other places but they are extremely good fish."

The most popular dessert item on the menu year round is hazelnut meringue torte which Matthews has made more than a thousand times. Although he says he sometimes feels like taking it off the menu, he doesn't dare.

Chilled strawberry soup

4 cups fresh strawberries
 $\frac{1}{3}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 1 cup sour cream
 2 cups ice water
 1 cup dry red wine
 mint leaves

Purée berries in blender or food processor. Add sugar to taste and sour cream. Mix well. Add water and wine, correct sweetening. Chill for at least an hour. Garnish with mint leaves. Serves 6.

Poached Cape Breton farm salmon

2 small bay leaves
 2 sprigs parsley
 12 pepper corns, cracked
 3 qts. water
 1 small onion

1 carrot, cut into quarters
 1 stalk of celery
 2 tsp. salt
 juice and rind of 1 lemon
 1 cup white wine
 4-5 lb. salmon

Make a bouquet garni by combining bay leaves, parsley and pepper corns in a small piece of cheese cloth and tie with string. Bring all ingredients, except salmon, to a boil in a poacher or large kettle and simmer for 20 minutes.

Carefully add whole salmon to liquid. Return to a boil and gently poach for 10 minutes per inch of fish measured at its thickest part. Remove from poacher, carefully remove skin and fins and serve portions with hollandaise sauce and chopped parsley.

Quick hollandaise sauce

2 egg yolks
 1 tsp. Dijon mustard
 juice of a large lemon
 1 cup very hot melted butter, half salted, half unsalted

Blend first three ingredients in blender or processor. Slowly add butter in steady stream until sauce thickens somewhat. Butter must be hot to cook egg yolks. Remove from bowl. Keep hot in a double boiler or *bain marie*.

Hazelnut meringue torte

whites of 4 large eggs
 pinch of salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. cream of tartar
 1 cup sugar
 1 cup hazelnuts, chopped

Filling

3 squares semi-sweet chocolate
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup whipping cream


Frosting

1 pt. whipping cream (less $\frac{1}{4}$ cup)
 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tbs. sugar
 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tbs. fine ground coffee, not instant
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped hazelnuts

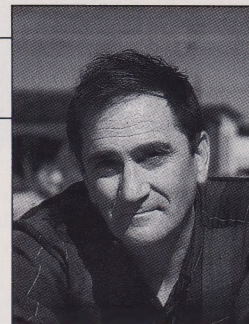
In a metal bowl, whip egg whites and salt until foamy. Add cream of tartar and whip until stiff. Add sugar slowly, one tablespoon at a time. Whip until stiff peaks form and meringue mixture is shiny. Fold in the chopped hazelnuts.

On a foil covered sheet, mark two 6-inch circles. Cover with meringue mixture and place in a 250° oven for 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Turn off heat and let meringue layers cool.

For filling, combine whipping cream and chocolate in a pot over low heat and stir until melted and smooth. Spread on flat sides of meringue layers and chill until chocolate hardens. Assemble.

For frosting, whip the whipping cream with sugar until thick. Add the ground coffee. Whip until of spreading consistency and frost top and sides of torte. Sprinkle top of torte with chopped hazelnuts and decorate with additional whipped cream as desired. Refrigerate and use same day as prepared. 





In search of palatable profits

Slaughter is most efficiently accomplished," chirped the instructions, "by inserting four heads at a time between the outstretched thumb and fingers of one hand and severing them in one motion with a stout pair of kitchen shears."

That's how close I was to becoming the bobolink czar of eastern North America. I might have done for quail what the colonel did for chicken. The bubble burst when I realized I didn't have the stuff it takes to snuff them. Until that moment of truth, *Quail — the Raising of, For Fun and Profit in Your Spare Time* — were to be my tickets out of the rat race and into the golden years.

What few books I could find in the public library gave me every encouragement. Discriminating restaurants from Come By Chance to San Diego were standing by to snap up the tasty miniscule fowl. I needed only a small space in garage or basement.

You sent off a few dollars and your breeding stock came back in the next mail. I naturally decided on a species of quail said to be "much favoured for centuries by the Imperial Japanese Household." What was good enough for the Son of Heaven was darned well good enough for the neighbours.

Not that the neighbours should have any complaints. I had it in black and white that my quail plantation down behind the laundry hamper would produce only a soothing sound "like large raindrops falling into a quiet pool." You'd get more disturbance of the peace than that on Saturday night in a convent.

Nor was there any danger of turning the basement into another Bedford Basin. African violet fanciers, I was assured by all the literature, were mad keen for quail droppings. You merely tweezered the spoor into a Cuisinart together with a handful of potting soil and here was a whole spin-off industry.

A hardy, undemanding bird, your quail, and subject to few diseases. Sudden noise was the only thing to watch for as this made them bounce into the air and concuss themselves on the ceilings of their coops. No fears here as there'd be no louder sound than that of the proprietor of Quail Enterprises Ltd. turning the pages of his Homer in the original Greek.

All the pieces came together perfectly. Ere two or three successful breeding seasons had passed I might even be ahead of the game enough to hire on a ranch foreman. This would leave me free to

travel and drum up new quail markets in Paris and Tokyo.

There had been scattered warnings in the literature but in the general euphoria of working out other details of a worldwide quail conglomerate I ignored these. A plain chat with the children was strongly advised in one of the manuals. "Beware of the Bambi complex," it said.

As the latest in a long line of baby seal bashers it isn't always easy for me to come to grips with a kinder, gentler world. I've had to learn the hard way that though you may try to hide it under the french fries or stick bits of parsley in it, the youngsters will still go into hysterics if the victual in question once played even a minor role in a Walt Disney movie.

Particularly when they're in the formative years you spend much time explaining to them that the mushrooms on their plates are in no way related to the mushrooms wearing a little red scarf who danced in the conga line in *Fantasia*.

The Bambi complex dashed all hope of a luxury condo in Bermuda

It finally hit me and it hit me hard. The innocent question would be lisped, "What did you do today, Daddy?" and the only answer could be "whacked the heads off tiny live birds with a stout pair of kitchen shears." It just wouldn't suit.

Even as the dream exploded I cast about desperately for some palatable method of quail butchery. Would pitching a firecracker among them cause mass vertical takeoff and simultaneous concussion? If I threw in our 21-pound tabby and turned quickly away while loudly whistling the 1812 Overture? Definitely not — quality control would be shot all to hell.

And so I said a sad farewell to the dream of El Rancho Bobolink Inc., a piece of entrepreneurial daring that might

have done for the Newfoundland economy what hothouse cucumbers could not.

Bang went the villa in Bermuda, exploded against the cruel reality of the Bambi Complex. I gave up all notions of carving out a personal niche within the capitalist system. My basement will lie forever fallow of chinchilla herds, earthworm colonies and mushroom plantations.

In any case, the tax man and his minions can now make it all but impossible for the aspiring capitalist. A blizzard of regulations, a storm of paper and cascades of red tape await those who would step out of the nine-to-five shuffle. Starting small, that former hope of the western world, hasn't got the chance of a third child in China.

That farm out west bit the dust long ago. So has that later escape route which once held out salvation for urban lunch-can convicts — the franchise down east. I mean, what else is there left to do to a chicken leg or a muddy car?

The urge is still strong but the field has narrowed to the point of being self-destructive. There are two signs out in front of every fifth rural dwelling between St. John's and the Quebec border. "Mona's Unisex Hairstyling Salon" and, out back, "Bob's Chainsaw and Snowmobile Repair."

One of the last holdouts of private enterprise was what was called the "mom and pop shop", what used to be called in Newfoundland the "groc' and conf' " — because the shopfront was usually too small to bear a sign reading groceries and confectionery. Mom and Pop are now chained and computerized in Chicago.

For the first 400 years in Atlantic Canada the fishery was open to private enterprise. Often a dismal prospect, yes, but open. Even the most woebegone, witless character could push a few feet off from the shore in an unpainted tub and, with a string and a hook, jig up a few original dollars.

There's only one of these guys left now, as far as I know, and he's the one who does the Bank of Nova Scotia TV commercials.

So, too, have I given up on my international quail-rearing consortium down in the laundry room. I'm stuck with doing what I've always done. Watch for my next book, *The Joy of Zen Quail Raising, the Sequel*.

In the hopeful case Greenpeace calls for my assassination I've kept my Bermudian real estate options open. ☑

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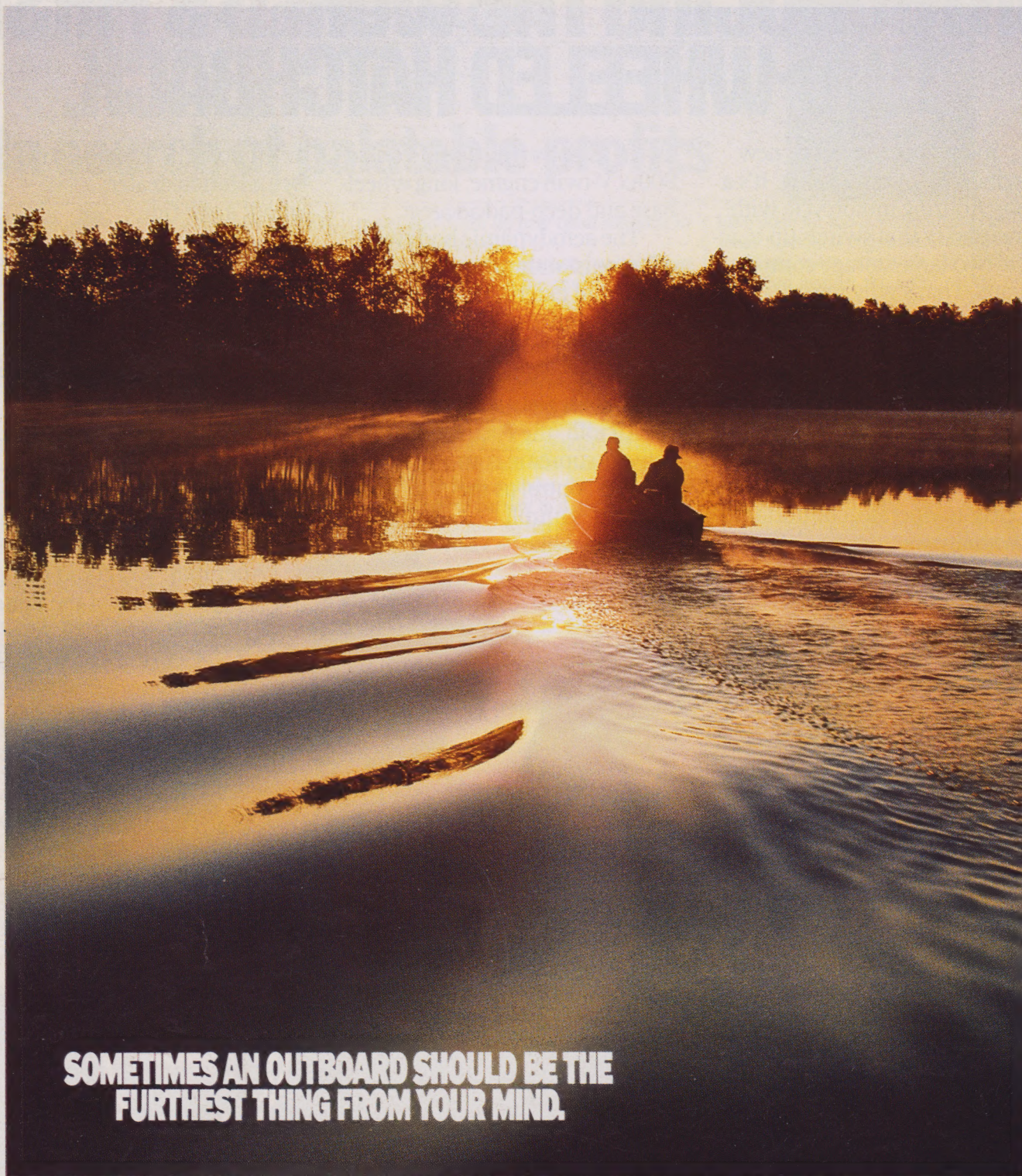
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